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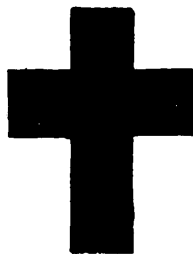
Société Nationale de
la Croix Rouge Ethiopienne

by
Kathleen
Hockman
Friederichsen

DR BOB HOCKMAN

A SURGEON OF THE CROSS

"Dr. Bob" was the epitome of everything that is fine, fearless and admirable. A brilliant student, a surgeon of fine promise, he came to the end of his life in the line of duty, almost before it had well begun. His sister tells her brother's story with a warmth such as will leave a glow in the heart.



*"But God forbid that I should glory
save in the cross of our Lord Jesus
Christ."*
—GAL. 6: 14.



DOCTOR BOB HOCKMAN
SURGEON OF THE CROSS

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BOB . HOCKMAN .



IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT WILLIAM HOCKMAN, M.D.

BORN AT CHENTU, SZECHWAN, WEST CHINA, OCT. 29, 1906. EDUCATED AT: CHINA INLAND MISSION BOYS' SCHOOL, CHEFOO, CHINA, 1916; FITZMAN'S COLLEGE, ENGLAND, 1924; MUSKINGUM COLLEGE, NEW CONCORD, O., U.S.A., 1925; NORTHWESTERN MEDICAL SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL., 1928. ENTERED AS INTERNE AT WEST SUBURBAN HOSPITAL, OAK PARK, ILL., 1932.

**DOCTOR
BOB HOCKMAN
SURGEON OF THE CROSS**

**By
KATHLEEN H. FRIEDERICHSEN
(HIS SISTER)**

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GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN**

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**EIGHT-FIFTEEN FRANKLIN STREET
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN**

TO
THE BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER
OF OUR BOB THIS BOOK IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION

I TAKE particular pleasure in preparing this brief introduction and indeed I count it a very real honor to give emphasis to all that Mrs. Friederichsen has said of her splendid brother, Dr. Robert W. Hockman. Mrs. Friederichsen is the daughter of Dr. W. H. Hockman, head of the Missionary Department of the Moody Bible Institute. She is an artist of very real ability. I am sure that her readers will see her art in her presentation of the magnificent missionary example of her brother.

The first characteristic which comes to my mind as I think of Bob Hockman is strength, but coupled with this word always comes the second—skill. A missionary tennis champion once told me how Dr. Hockman had defeated him. He closed the story with the exclamation, "What a man of power!"

Dr. Hockman's power and skill would have been of little value had they not been thoroughly consecrated to the Lord. The young people with whom he associated before going to the mission field were always delighted with his good humor and charmed by his ability, but always led closer to Christ by the combination of fun and frolic and Christian earnestness which characterized him and his charming young wife. In the hospital in which he served as an interne, the staff was definitely influenced by the Gospel in his word and example. Several members of it were led to a saving knowledge of Christ.

Dr. Hockman died while serving in line of duty, removing the detonator, or the fuse, from an unexploded shell, which lay dangerously near his place of work. Just why this accident took place no one knows, but we trust that God, who doeth all things well, will raise up many strong young men and women to take his place in the service of Christ.

J. OLIVER BUSWELL, JR.

*Wheaton College,
Wheaton, Ill.*

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*"And His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see
His face."*

—REV. 22:3-4.

Chapter I.

“TRAINING”

“Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

—PROV. 22: 6.

“I HOPE to go to Ethiopia as a medical missionary when I have completed my internship,” said a red-haired young man to a returned medical missionary one day.

“Yes? Well, in all probability you’ll never get there,” returned the missionary discouragingly, “You’ll settle down here in America. They all do.”

These words aroused the resentment, but also the determination of the medical student to be one, at least, who would go through with his life-plan. Robert William Hockman had been led to the formation of this plan by direct guidance from the Lord God whom he loved, and also by unusual circumstances. Born in Chentu, Szechwan, West China, to godly, self-sacrificing parents, he inherited the true missionary spirit and practicability. Robert’s father, William H. Hockman, was a born executive, possessing remarkable foresight, true conviction and unwavering decision. Katie E. Hockman symbolized every phase of the much-loved and revered word ‘Mother’; of good English descent, she was a true missionary, a true friend and a

true mother. She held her rightful place as center of the home, and it could be said of her without reserve, "Home is where Mother is." With parents possessed of such enviable traits, coupled with a zeal for the Lord Jesus Christ, it was little wonder the son proved well fitted for the pioneer work to which God called him, and to which he was dedicated when only an hour old.

"Bob," as he was always called, possessed a genuine devotion for his parents, who spent thirty years on the mission field of China, and who are still in active work for their Lord, in America. Theirs has been a life of sacrifice, indeed. They gave of their best to God, in China, and their dearest possession, in the person of their son, to His work in Ethiopia. As a man and woman of prayer, Dr. and Mrs. Hockman have had their prayers answered in that several of their children entered the Lord's work. None of us can ever repay the love, care, guidance and sympathy these parents have given us and we render "honor where honor is due."

When leaving home for the first time to go to boarding school, Bob ran back to his mother after the "goodbyes" had been said, and throwing his arms around her neck, said, "Don't let your face change, Mother." Her face never *has* changed, and right to the end Bob loved it as much as he did when a little boy. In one of his weekly letters he made the following comment on a picture of the family: "Mother, you look as young as ever!" One of the things people loved most about Bob was his genuine devotion for his mother.

She was his first sweetheart and his love for her never wavered nor dimmed.

Memory recalls a little fellow tramping around the mission compound in China dressed up in his father's hat and rubbers, and carrying his umbrella. "I want to be like Daddy," he explained. Once, while accompanying his mother on her visits to the native homes, he asked her why she bothered to go into the miserable hovels. "Because the people who live in them are poor and sick and need Jesus," she replied. His child's heart was touched. "What if you had never come?" Bob replied. One sees again these three lonely children left at the China Inland Mission School at Chefoo. As the eldest child, Bob took it upon himself to be advisor and protector of his brother and sister while they were separated from home and parents for several years.

The lonely Christmases always found Bob spending the last of his pocket money for presents to cheer the younger ones; but he was amply repaid by the adoration given him during the years that followed. Clearly remembered is the gift of a piece of purple ribbon that the little sister gave him with much pride, expecting him to wear it as a necktie! Years later, this same ribbon was discovered amongst Bob's keepsakes! The hero of his schooldays was Headmaster McCarthy; a man worthy of boyish devotion with his dignified carriage and kindly heart. Bob used to point out Mr. McCarthy to his friends. "A fine headmaster, eh?" he would say.

After graduating from the Chefoo school, Bob and

his brothers and sister spent one year with their parents in inland China, where Dr. Hockman, senior, was building and operating a fine mission compound which included a boys' school and Bible Institute. Happy days were spent there amidst the beauty and comforts of home. Behind the lovely site rose a typical Chinese temple hill, dotted with ancient graves. The grass-covered mounds were a favorite place of exploration for the four Hockman children, and many were the climbs, taken on sunny afternoons, up the steep hill to the temple at the top. The greatest disappointment of his life came to him during these days. The graduating students always took an important examination sent out from England, called the "Oxford Examination." Bob was one of the few who failed. The reports of the examination came during that year. Alone on the hillside near his home, he nursed his great grief and mortification, yet resolving that it should never happen again. From that day on, he began to study in grim earnest.

A real knowledge of Christ as his own personal Saviour was the base upon which Bob's unusual and dynamic character was founded. He was always an out-and-out soldier of the Cross. In a letter to Dr. Anderson of the United Presbyterian Mission Board having reference to his application for appointment under its auspices, he said: "My motives in seeking missionary appointment are two—in the first place, I was brought up as a missionary's son, and caught a glimpse of what life was like in a community where Christ was not known, and where there was no one to heal the body.

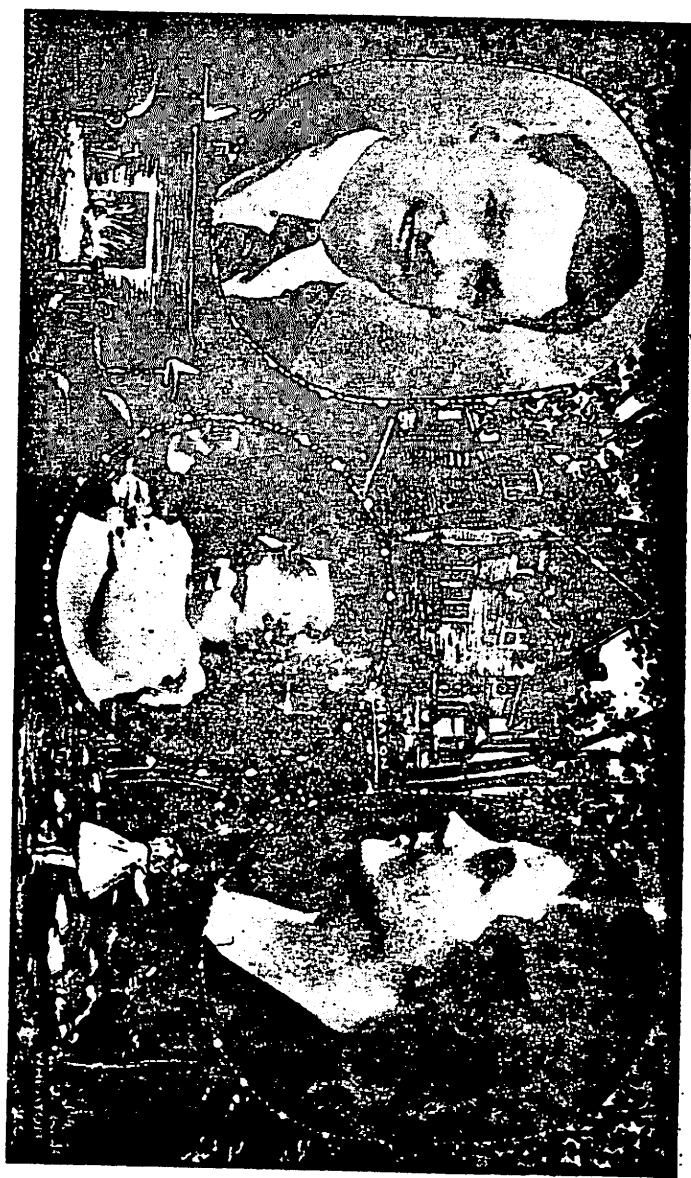
I saw the advantage of being able to minister to the body as a means of ministering to the soul. In the second place, I believe that the command to go and preach the Gospel was intended for me. From the age of seven years I have had it in mind to become a medical missionary, and now, almost through training, I am rejoicing to think that my dream is about realized. The content of my Christian message is that of my father and mother who labored in West China for thirty years. That message is summed up in Paul's gospel, 'Christ crucified, and justification by faith.' "

As he grew older, the spirit of generosity showed itself in Bob's gifts for the home. Anything that was needed or wanted by his much-loved mother he would do his best to buy or make. Odd hours were spent puttering in the workshop, making or fixing things for the family. This training stood him in good stead when he came to design and make the furniture for his little home in Ethiopia. How proud he was of that home! There was one thing, however, toward which Bob showed no generosity nor tolerance; that was sin. Robert Hockman hated fraud or deceit and had no patience with hypocrites. Never did one find him making bosom friends or partners of godless men. He chose not to be "unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

Although Bob's life was dedicated to God's service as a medical missionary, it was not until college days that the way was made clear to him. In Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, a fast friendship was formed between himself and Malaku, a near relative to

the King of Ethiopia, who was studying to return to his own country as a doctor. It was through this friendship and the appeal the black race made upon him that Robert Hockman turned his eyes "upon the field white already to harvest" in neglected Ethiopia.

During these college years, Dr. Will M. Hughes, pastor of the College church, writes about Bob as follows: "If ever a real man walked the campus of Muskingum College, that man was Robert Hockman, and the one he chose to be his life partner was one of the finest Christian characters that New Concord ever produced." Bob married Winifred Thompson, his college sweetheart, after an engagement of four long years. The wedding ceremony was a necessary nuisance to Bob. How he sweated and stewed during the long musical program preceding the vows! To Winnie, however, it was an hour of hours! She enjoyed every minute to the full and gave every guest personal notice. Bob disliked formality of any kind. "Be what you are" was his theory, and, with him, dignitaries were honored for their qualities, not for their offices. It is enough to say of Winnie that every one loved her. A willing worker, a joyful Christian and a loving wife—she and Bob made a perfect combination for a happy married life, and happy indeed they were. Never a flaw marred their lives together, and Winnie has nothing but perfect joy in her remembrance of the three and a half years she was the wife of Bob Hockman. They made their temporary abode at the Hockman home in Wheaton, Illinois. During that year in Wheaton, both



Bob and Winnie made innumerable friends, a goodly number of whom are looking forward to seeing him again in glory.

The undisputed favorite of the whole family, no one could ever take Bob's place. No one was so great a tease, so kind a friend, so loving a son, so dear a brother. He was a constant source of cheer and comradeship. Coming home after a hard day at medical school, his smile was not dimmed nor his buoyant greeting lacking. Once he entered the house, it seemed as though the furnace was warmer, the light brighter, the cares of the day lessened. His hair even seemed to radiate the sunshine and fun that were his. His middle name should have been "Humor," since his love for clean, wholesome fun followed him wherever he went, leaving behind a trail of smiles and happier hearts. Even on the mission field the "Hockman pranks" were well known and enjoyed by those to whom had been given God's gift of merriment. How he loved to "dress up"! Such human qualities were a fitting balance for the sterner side of his nature, and the zeal he possessed for his profession and calling. If anyone blasted the theory of long-faced Christians, Bob did. His closest friend in Wheaton said, "In our mind's eye we can see him now, wearing the old happy grin, as he chats with Peter and Paul in glory."

In these pleasure-mad days in which it is deemed effeminate to be a Christian, it is unendingly refreshing to recall that strength of character and strength of body went together in Bob Hockman. Men marveled at

the wonderful body God had given him. Bob loved outdoor sports of almost every kind. He had trophies for tennis and track feats. Football, swimming, discus-throwing records, and general gymnastics all helped to develop his splendid physique. Yet his extraordinary powers of endurance and magnificent health stood only as a frame upon which was builded his spiritual and professional career.

Not being a brilliant student, study came hard to the fun-loving athlete, and it was only by real effort and stern application that he attained to medical and scholastic heights. Late into the night and early in the morning he was at his desk, poring over huge volumes; yet never a day opened or closed without Bible-reading and prayer. In college, Bob's grades averaged among the highest, and in the Illinois State Board examination he rated highest of eight hundred entrants with the second highest marks made by a student in the records of the Board. Through all this Bob never opened a school book on Sundays.

His summer vacations were usually spent in hard manual labor. One summer he and a friend joined a harvesting crew in the wheat fields of Kansas; and during his medical schooldays he acted as doctor and adviser to a boys' "dude" ranch in Wyoming. God was leading him by a way he knew not, thereby the better fitting him for his later duties with the Red Cross. Gunmanship was indispensable while trekking through vast African desert and jungle. Camp pitching, cooking and general outdoor life gave him excellent training for the

difficult conditions under which he worked at the front."

Well can we remember the Sunday afternoons and evenings after church, around the fireplace or piano. Music played a great part in Bob's life. When a curly-topped, freckled-faced lad of five he heard, for the first time, the music from a tinny old victrola. Tears ran down his face as he listened, and when his mother asked what was the matter, he replied, "Don't talk, Mother." We recall him puffing on his father's old cornet; or playing on a wheezy folding organ in far-away China; or playing a piano solo for the Boys' School exhibition in Chefoo, when the music completely left his mind through stage fright and he finished the number with something of his own composition; as the silver tones of a trumpet echoed across the campus at Muskingum while he and a friend played a relayed tune in the summer dusk; or the piano keys rippling beneath his fingers in the firelight, at home in Wheaton; or playing Gospel songs amidst the dusty wheat fields, and eventually in northern Africa. Patiently training four dark-skinned boys to play trumpets in music-destitute Ethiopia, Bob was rewarded when the boys were the only ones to stick with the lonely white doctor out on the hot plains and desert battle-front, while their music brightened the drear camp. He thrilled to their playing, but now he himself is one of the heavenly choir reveling in the harmonies of praise to his Saviour. This truly lyrical young American cared only for the best music; no jazz or worthless song ever caught or held his ear—an ear that was tuned closely to the harp of God.



WYOMING



THE TRUMPET QUARTETTE (ETHIOPIA)



WHEATON

*Life is an instrument laid in our hands
To play as our soul finds delight,
Moment by moment we fashion a song;
Playing by day and by night.*

*Sweet and uplifting, may be the glad strain,
Never from harmony swerve.
Cherished and pure should our instrument be;
Useful and willing to serve.*

*Pity the the harp that is lost in the din
Of evil and discordant air!
Sad to hear cornet or trombone or flute
Piping the soul to hell's lair!*

*Tuneless and useless and dusty with sin
The violin lies on the shelf;
Strings that are broken are left there to rot—
Sulking with pity for self.*

*Some may be called to mute and to hush,
And others to sound forth the lead:
We are to play with each ounce of our strength,
Watching our Conductor's reed.*

*Laying our instrument down at the call
To join in the celestial choir;
(If bugle or cymbal or second fiddle)—
"Friend, wilt thou please go up Higher!"*

—K. H. F.

The clamor and clash of the evil music of the world was powerless to draw him from the whispering charm of the "still, small Voice."

With his "home-going" there is a vacancy that never can be filled. Nearly every timber, every brick, every room in the Wheaton home has been touched by his hands. He helped fell the trees, to clear the ground; he painted, poured concrete and laid shingles. Each dream of the family during the years of separation while Bob was in Africa centered around his return on furlough. What would Bob think of this? What would he think of that? What surprise could be arranged for the first Christmas together? How much more wonderful, though, that he should have already gone "Home" to the mansion prepared for him where there is no parting, no tears and no night! He is now planning for *our* coming. And what a reunion that will be!

While at Northwestern Medical School in Chicago, Bob was influential in founding the "Christian Medical Society," an organization intended to facilitate the gathering together of Christian doctors in order to deepen their spiritual lives and strengthen their purpose to serve the Great Physician. His outstanding testimony and faithfulness was responsible for much of the blessing these men now enjoy.

It was during internship that he was labeled "a surgeon of great promise," and during the same period he was enabled, with God's help, to save the life of a

dear friend. It was a singular thing that the first cadaver (corpse) given to him for dissection was that of a black man. Countless indeed were the dark-skinned bodies he was, afterward, enabled to help and heal.

Many instances are on record of his services given free of charge; of his words of encouragement spoken; of his sympathetic interest attended always by a word for his Lord. If a blood transfusion were needed for a person too poor to pay, Bob offered his blood. Down in the slums, he worked for degraded humanity to his utmost capacity, just as though he would be rewarded with material riches. He told of one case where the stove-pipe fell down, piling soot all over himself, the patient and newly-sterilized instruments and dressings! Another time he had to "knock out" a frantic foreigner who threatened him with a butcher-knife when the wife-patient was critically in danger. On the mission field he had to endure the worst ordeal of all—ingratitude. Truly Bob laid up treasures in heaven!

Regarding Bob Hockman, Rev. C. F. Kenneweg sent an article to *The Christian Union Herald*, under the title, "Standing the Competition." This article referred to an incident in Bob's medical school days and ran as follows:

"Where are you going to practice, Red, when you finish?" The question came from one of the applicants for the State Medical Board certificate to the fellow seated on his right.

"In Africa," came the reply.

"A missionary, eh?"

"'Yes.'

"'Can't stand the competition here in America, huh?'

"It was time to start the examination and there was no further opportunity for conversation. This passing of the State Medical Board test is grim business and the eight hundred graduates of the medical schools in Illinois bent their heads in grave determination. Only a part of them would pass. Finally the examination was over and the marks given to the applicants. Later it happened that the embryo missionary met the aforesaid questioner.

"'Say, did you mean what you said, about being a missionary because I could not stand the competition in America?' he asked.

"'Why of course,' replied the 'kidder,' and with a condescending exultation added, 'Say, what mark did you make, Red?'

"'What mark did you make?' countered the first.

"'Seventy-five and twenty-five hundredths per cent.' (The passing grade is seventy-five per cent.) 'Now what did you make?'

"'It happened that I ranked first,' said the future missionary, quietly.

"'First in the final examination of eight hundred graduates of Illinois medical schools and unable to stand the competition! Preposterous! you would say. But do you know that in a way the fellow was right, although not just in the way he meant?'

"'The young doctor could not stand the compe-

tition in America, not because he, himself, would not have fared well under the pressure. The reason is: there are doctors in America tramping over each other's feet trying to build up a practice, while in Africa he knew of places where there were only a few doctors to tend to the needs of millions of people.

"I saw this doctor when I passed through Addis Abeba. He is the surgeon at our George Memorial Hospital of the American Mission, and there is not a great deal of competition for the patients among whom he practices. Poor, diseased derelicts, many of them, but God's children just the same. They cannot pay much, but how satisfying sometimes to have a patient like the one who was released from the hospital today. He said as he left, 'My bill is only thirty-five thalers (about \$10), and here is the money, but I would not take a thousand thalers for what I have learned about Jesus while I was here.' This doctor can stand the competition for practice like that. Can you?"

Dr. Bob turned his back on the prospects of an eminent position in the medical profession in the homeland, choosing rather to suffer loss for Christ. Partnerships were offered him and there would have been a wide call for his services had he stayed in America; but what about all those who have been brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd through his few years in Ethiopia?

When Bob at last completed the long grind of prep-

aration for his life work, he was faced with the usual immense tuition debts. His parents had given their all to China, even having lost furniture and books through the ravages of bandits and communists, so they were unable to help financially in this matter. Having been accepted by the United Presbyterian Mission Society to go to Africa, Bob and Winnie were anxious to start their work. One of the great temptations that beset a young doctor who decides to become a medical missionary is that of practicing at home for a while prior to going to the mission field. The upshot is that the majority become so interested in work at home, that the mission field grows dimmer and dimmer until eventually, the call is forgotten and the vision lost. In order to overcome this temptation, Bob and his wife prayed very definitely that the Lord would take them to their chosen field just as soon as the internship was finished. But those debts, however, rose as a barrier between them and their goal. Even the Board under which they were appointed was under severe financial stress at the time. Thus the hand of man was helpless, and only the heavenly Father, "who knoweth that ye have need of these things" could help.

In the summer of 1933 Bob and Winnie attended the New Wilmington Conference where the young people of the United Presbyterian Church meet for a time of spiritual and physical refreshment. All during the week prayer was made that God would show the anxious ones whether they should plan to sail in the fall, as they ardently desired. On the last night of the con-

ference Bob told the members of the Board that they wanted to go in spite of the amount needed and that God would supply the seemingly impassable barrier of \$1,700. A few days later, they returned to their home in Wheaton, to find sticking in the door, a telegram bearing the words, "Praise the Lord! \$1,500 can be provided." Does God answer prayer? Bob started his career in explicit reliance on God even as his mother and father had lived and labored trusting the One who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." A year later the other \$200 was forthcoming.

BOB.

A noble Christian, staunch and firm; a calling from above.

For Father, Mother, he'd respect that grew from ardent love.—Our Son.

A sportsman, friend and counsellor; his smile was always gay.

With ruddy face and brawny frame to wrestle, tease or play.—Our Brother.

A lover true, a handy man; companion strong and kind;

Who loved his home and all it held; such love is hard to find!—My Husband.

A hand with skill to cure the sick; a head that studied hard;

*A heart of care for all in need; a life no evil marred.
—Our Doctor.*

*A thousand qualities he bore—a doctor, husband, son.
He lived for Christ; brother to man—was four good men in one.—Our Bob.*

—K. H. F.

Chapter II.

“TOILING”

*“Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea,
the work of our hands establish thou it.”*

—PSALM 90: 17.

WITH GREAT praise in their hearts and a longing to serve their Master, Dr. and Mrs. Bob Hockman sailed from New York, October 14, 1933. Aboard the S.S. Rex they felt that they were indeed sailing the seas upon a palatial hotel. Their cabin was loaded with gifts of fruit, flowers and letters, and as the liner glided out of the harbor, no one realized that one of the passengers would never again return to his native land.

Such faith as is needed to face the problems of the home and foreign field can be had only by close communion with and leaning upon the Lord. Those who go into His service without the knowledge of the Word and prayer, find themselves duly unprotected before the fiery darts of the wicked one. “Study to show thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth,” is the motto of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, where Bob hoped to attend during his first furlough, for he felt there was no limit to the knowledge needed of the

Bible out there where each missionary needs to be his own teacher and the Spirit of God the sole Interpreter.

The voyage to Egypt and then to Addis Abeba was of interest and instruction to the young couple, but they were glad to reach their station in Ethiopia, November 16. The American Mission compound centered around the George Memorial Hospital, a school, two missionary buildings, servants' quarters and native huts for watchmen. It was the hospital, of course, that attracted Bob, and, characteristically, he pitched right in, to help wherever there was a shortage. Linguistic, missionary and medical work began simultaneously. An evangelist was installed in the hospital to minister to sin-sick souls and very definite evangelistic endeavor was begun. Both new missionaries assumed classes and a regular part in the compound routine; Winnie teaching a group of children with the aid of an interpreter. The heavy schedule Bob had to carry hindered him in the progress he would like to have made in language work; but it seemed through definite leading from God that he changed from studying Amharic (the national tongue) to the Galla or peasant dialect, since this proved of great value later, as he worked alone amongst the natives on the desert of Daggah Bur.

Within two short years, Bob operated on at least twenty of his fellow missionaries, including his wife. Keeping up with the latest improvements and developments, he was able to accomplish some astonishing cures and inventions of his own. Always the operations were committed into the hands of the Mighty Healer

and the result was remarkable success. During the spring of 1935, a teacher lay very ill with para-typhoid fever. She had been under the care of the late Dr. Pollock, who died while attending the patient. For a time the sick woman seemed to improve, then complications developed which made an operation imperative. Bob went to his heavenly Father for strength and guidance. There were several things to take into account: the patient had been in bed with continual fever for nearly two months, which created great weakness; then, a blood transfusion was necessary, but with few facilities for making the necessary grouping. After much prayer the operation was performed. Two days later, adhesions occurred. By this time the patient was so weak that it seemed a great risk to perform a second operation. But God was again with His own, and the three-hour operation proved successful. In a few days the fever subsided, and within two weeks the patient had left the hospital after spending twelve weeks there.

During the time this teacher lay ill, one of the Sudan Interior Mission members came to the hospital for an appendicitis removal. Complications developed, and on the morning of the third day, at five o'clock in the morning a servant ran down from the hospital declaring that the foreigner was dead. Bob was at the patient's side within a few minutes. With perfect calmness he said to the helpers and friends at the bedside, "All of you go to prayer; I will stay with Jim. I'm sure he will be all right." By ten o'clock he was breath-



THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL IN ETHIOPIA



A PATIENT

THE SURGEON AT WORK



BOB AND WINNIE'S HOME (ADDIS ABABA)

ing normally again, and once again there was cause for thanksgiving.

Surprising changes were made during those two years. Perhaps the best source of information about these would have been the late Dr. Pollock, director of the hospital when Bob arrived. Before his death Dr. Pollock praised the splendid services of Dr. Hockman; making special references to the marked improvements Bob had effected in laboratory and operating room equipment and elsewhere in the hospital. In several instances these improvements were very ingenious and accomplished in a quite inexpensive manner. Bob was adept with tools and also in metal and wood work. He was, moreover, a strenuous worker possessed of boundless energy and got through an astonishing amount of work in a comparatively short time.

At the time of Bob's death, the hospital was a model of modern science and efficiency, complete as to equipment, cleanliness and missionary endeavor. The Emperor, Haile Selassie, himself took part in the opening of the new laboratory which was Bob's pride and joy. Arrangements for a nurses' training school were begun. The Emperor's own daughter was to have been the first patron and pupil in order to give the undertaking a good send-off. Bob's aim was to have Christian nurses able to minister to souls as well as bodies of the patients. Before he "went away" practically all his hospital help had been born again.

Ethiopia is altogether different from China, where Bob had first seen the light. Sanitation, government,

laws, policies, religion and food are far behind those in China. The servant problem, however, is the same. Domestics lie, steal and beg; break things and laugh. The "mourning" for relatives is very similar to that of China. There is seldom any real sorrow; death means little more than just one mouth less to fill, and hence so much the better; the wailing of relatives is just as farcical, hypocritical and noisy as in China. They seem to be able to turn off the tears at will, just as one would a faucet. But unlike the Chinese, the women and the men associate together, sit together at services and talk politely to each other. Men raise their hats to women they know, and a woman is given the place of authority in the home. If this were not so, the late Empress of Ethiopia could not have risen to such heights. No ancestor-worship is practiced. The parasites of the land are the priests. It has been estimated that about a quarter of the population are priests, and live on church taxation and what they can squeeze from the people.

"Wut and angira," the national food, is not very palatable for the average white person. "Wut" is a mixture of meat, a little vegetable, gravy and quantities of peppers. It is fiery hot, and cannot be eaten alone. "Angira" is a large, spongy pancake made in circular shape, about two feet in diameter. This is brought on the table and placed in the center, while the "wut" is served in individual bowls. The diners pull off a piece of "angira" and dip it into the hot "wut" and eat it.

The rainy season lasts about five months in each

year. During this period the downpour is steady—without any let-up. Bob writes,

"The rains here make everything rather damp. It has been raining for two months and it seems as though it will never stop; we still have three months to go, and feel we could have sympathized with Noah and his family! This week it rained and hailed so hard that the ground looked like winter, at home. We gathered hailstones and stored them in every place imaginable, including the famous ice box I made myself; so that we had ice cream for three days straight. Last week it seemed that tons and tons of water came down and yet it is still going strong. Surely the banks of the Nile will break their restraints this year."

From October to May—the dry season—there is practically no rain at all:

"We have not had a drop of rain since the end of September and the ground is rent with huge cracks. If only the water which comes down in the summer months was distributed over the whole year, this country would be wonderful for vegetation. As it is, everything has been burned off, months ago."

The Ethiopian is a man of much routine and detail. This is illustrated by an experience Bob had, trying to get some goods through the customs.

"In getting the things out of customs yesterday I spent the entire morning," he says. "The goods had to be first inspected, handled, smelled and pawed over. Then the declaration of values had to be filled

out. After this, we went to the customs house and nine different men had to add or subtract something from the papers. After this we went to another office and four men had to add their signatures. This made a total of thirteen, thus far. Then we went to the arithmetic department and this was most interesting. Here two men with variously sized pieces of paper, figured in numerous ways, in numerous figures, what I should pay. They multiplied in red ink, with black ink and with pencil. They talked about this and that while doing their sums, and when they had finished, we went to another man who checked it over to ascertain whether it had been done correctly. By this time I had visited sixteen different men. Don't get tired yet, as there are still others to go! Next we went to the finance end and paid the bill. The papers then went back to the director of the customs to get his signature that the cashier had not taken any of the money. Then we went to another man to get his signature to allow me to take away the goods when all was finished. This made nineteen. On the way out of the customs I had to stop and let number twenty see inside the car to make sure that I had only my share of what was in the customs house. As I passed number twenty, I uttered an audible sigh of relief and proceeded home, carrying my goods with me and feeling like a mighty hunter riding home with his prey after stalking him cunningly for hours."

The simplicity and ignorance of the Ethiopian is

manifest from an amusing instance of a native, who while sitting in the rumble seat, was told to push the car in order to save the battery in starting it. The car was on an incline, so a little push was all that was needed. A moment or so elapsed, and noting that there was still no motion, the driver turned himself about to ascertain the reason. To his surprise, he found the boy standing up in the rumble seat, pushing for all he was worth against the top of the car!

The Emperor invited the three doctors on the staff of the American hospital to an informal interview at the palace. While there, they asked His Majesty to go to the hospital for tea, and formally open the new laboratory. He graciously accepted, and so for the natives, a grand and glorious day was ahead. It was a good chance for Bob to get some unseen corners scrubbed as clean as a whistle! There were several occasions that he visited with the Emperor, and like the Apostle of old, he stood up before kings and was not afraid. In the will of the Lord we have all boldness, and Haile Selassie lost a personal friend when this fearless young missionary gave his life for his people.

A college chum of Bob writes,

"He was the finest man I ever met. He was a giant for strength and endurance. He was one's continual challenge for good humor and fellowship, and inspiration for true friendship. Spiritually, he communed with God. Few men have lived as fully as he lived . . . In these two years Bob literally ministered physically and spiritually to an empire. During his

first year on the mission field he performed over three thousand operations, of which three hundred and twenty were major ones. . . . Bob was a splendid physician, but not content with healing the body; he also ministered to the soul. In college days one frequently found him in the room of some homesick or discouraged boy cheering him along, or playing his favorite hymns on the cornet for a Sabbath night vesper, or carrying on a church service in some mission church in a nearby town. While in medical school he spent many of his Sundays playing favorite hymns in wards of hospitals or jails, in or near Chicago. 'Dad' Higby testified personally that Bob saved several boys in the Wyoming camp, not only with his medical skill, but by his deep faith. His work in the mission field, too, speaks of this same Christian spirit. . . . We are better men and women because we knew him."

Other testimony to the sterling character, fine manly bearing and deep spirituality of Bob Hockman says:

"His services have been of the highest order, not merely in medicine and surgery, but in Christian witness bearing." "He was evangelistically minded and much concerned about the spiritual welfare of his patients, as well as their physical welfare. Mr. Russell and he established a worth-while work among the young men and boys in the Gulali district of Addis Abeba. These two men worked out a satisfactory system of housing the employees of the hos-

pital and assisted the men to have a wholesome social as well as spiritual life."

Christian fervor and enthusiasm, however, was lacking amongst the natives. As a missionary recently arrived in the country, Bob's observations were along the following lines:

"There are many confessed Christians, but they do not seem to have the fire that other people do. Chinese, Egyptians and Indians seem to be really aflame at times, but we fail to see it here. In this respect the work is disappointing; on the other hand, we need not feel discouraged, seeing we can never tell what is under the skin. God's word never returns to Him void, and a promise such as this offers no occasion for discouragement. The evangelistic results are slow in the hospital. I have been trying to find out the cause; and in some cases it is because of a sheer inability among the natives to grasp anything intellectually above what they have been used to hitherto; in other cases, it is inadequacy on the part of the personal worker.

"Medical work is discouraging if it be regarded as purely medical. On the other hand, it is a great joy to use it for His kingdom. Men, even if not accepting Christ, are at least given a chance. A healed body is a great thing to behold, but it does not begin to compare with a healed and regenerated soul. I dressed wounds yesterday and every man was asked if he knew the Lord. It was surprising to note the number who had heard of Him for the first time

since being in the wards here. I hope the work will so grow that the place will be known as a house of bodily and spiritual hearing.

"I feel so helpless without a knowledge of the language, and so am trying to get it as fast as I can. Today, we had our lesson almost entirely in Amharic, and conversed back and forth with our teacher in the native tongue. It was very simple, but indicates some progress nevertheless, and we are encouraged. We are hoping that, in six months, we will be able to hold our own."

Soon after his arrival, Bob took over a Bible class amongst the employees and patients of the hospital.

"My Bible class this morning seemed to be a success in that the Holy Spirit seemed to be working," he reports. "It appears that the hearts of the people, slow as they are, are ready for the Gospel. They listen well but the outward results are few and far between." The class gradually became larger and interest as well as numbers increased. "The Gospel is preached to every patient every day and it seems that the Ethiopian mind is beginning to grasp the truth. The Holy Spirit is the only One who can reach those hearts. They are steeped in iniquity and their very church is rotten to the core." "Tomorrow my turn comes to lead the daily chapel service for the employees. I will have the entire week, and plan, for the first time, to do away with an interpreter and speak in Galla language. Doubtless there will be many funny mistakes, but I must make

a beginning sometime. We had a fine Bible class this morning with the men and patients."

Provision for the leisure time of the Ethiopian boys on the compound was one of Bob's problems. Since he was musically minded, he felt that the organization of a quartette of trumpets for the purpose of Gospel teamwork would help solve the difficulty. For several weeks prayer was offered for instruments to be donated for this worthy cause. God marvelously provided four trumpets in His own way and time, and then the fun began! Squeaks, blasts and wails issued from every quarter of the compound! There were two requisites stipulated for qualification for the Gospel quartette. First, the boy must be a Christian, and secondly, he must be able to play the scale and be willing to practice. Finally the four hopefuls were chosen and the band began to function. Sunday afternoons they would go out with their instruments, draw a crowd and then preach Christ to their fellow countrymen. As time went by the boys expressed a desire to spend their summer vacations traveling in a team for the purpose of spreading the story of the Saviour and His saving grace. Bob took great pains and joy in teaching these trumpeters and was rewarded with their diligent work.

"At our yearly missionary conference," he says, "the brass quartette played for the group singing. The boys did very well. It was a real inspiration to hear them stand up before the people and play, 'We have heard the joyful sound, Jesus saves!' The cor-

nets rang true to pitch and they played as though they really knew what the message meant."

Bob mentioned these trumpeters often in his letters, but his own instrument was not forgotten. He used to play it for local weddings, to cheer the sick, to sound forth the praises of his Lord and Saviour. It almost seems as if he should have taken that cornet with him to glory! A fellow missionary writes:

"I shall never forget the time he visited Soddu station. It was just before I came home on furlough, and I had been in bed for some time with a weakened heart condition. The tents of our visitors were pitched in a vacant pasture lot and our bedroom window faced that way; so that I could not help but hear the clear notes as it were of a trumpet one night about ten-thirty. First came 'Day Is Dying in the West' followed by 'There Were Ninety and Nine,' and closing with 'Have Thine Own Way, Lord.' I think the trumpeter never knew the happy treat he had given me, but the Lord knew."

Ingratitude is the chief trial of a missionary's daily work. And Bob Hockman had to encounter his share of it.

"Some of the patients are so ungrateful for what they get for nothing," he writes. "In the seven months I have been here just five people who have been treated by surgery and healed and heard the Gospel, have gone out after saying 'Thank you.' All the others were like beasts; just get what they can and count it all as coming to them. Well, I feel that

the Lord has a way for everything, but, sometimes, I get pretty disgusted at the general ingratitude of Ethiopia as a whole; still there is a blessing in the gratitude of the few. When these are grateful, they certainly compensate for all the thoughtlessness of the many."

The mortality in Bob's practice, with typhus, was about fifty per cent, and that was high enough to make them happy about every louse that happened to be caught. He told of patients coming to the hospital with typhus who had literally thousands of germ-carriers crawling through their hair and clothes. Many times the garments had to be summarily burned and new clothes given the healed patients. Even for such favors there would be no thanks, only complaints and a demand that the hospital give money for the clothes that were destroyed!

Bob's mortality on general operations was very low. Considering the fact that most cases brought in were in the last stages of disease, he did well with a rate less than seven per cent. On fresh cases and three-day cases he had a zero rate. Mortality on central nervous system surgery was only thirty per cent, which was unusual and extremely good for the many cases that came to him. It was a wonder that he was able to do so much in actual missionary line as he did, for every day seemed full with a heavy schedule. The first day he reached Addis Abeba he performed an operation, and the following list furnishes an idea of a portion of one of his average days:

"8:30: Plaster cast on leg, three tendons of which I lengthened a week ago.

"9:00: Cataract operation.

"10:00: Operation on the eye for acute glaucoma.

"Rectal tumor removed.

"10:30: Plastic surgery on a man's mouth who had a sore, leaving the mouth with an orifice the size of a dime.

"12:30: Scrotal elephantitis.

"1:30: Inguinal hernia."

Early in 1935 Bob writes:

"The end of the year 1934 was a fair one for my department. In all we had about three hundred operations; one hundred of these were major operations and two hundred minor. The most important thing to say of the year's work is the spiritual growth, and I think it would be safe to say that about forty people found the Lord this past year in the hospital alone. This is a very small number compared with the many that we took in, but the results are out of our control. Our responsibility is to sow the seed."

We get a glimpse of the routine work of the missionaries from an annual report Bob sent to the Home Board of the United Presbyterian Mission:

"To me the most important items are those cases of spiritual regeneration which have taken place here on their own acceptance of the Gospel message and the witnessing of the transformed lives which this accep-

tance has brought about. Numbers of different operations, types of individuals, and so forth, while included in this report, are not the things which make mission work worth while; but it is the occasional surrendered life which takes place here in the hospital that makes for rejoicing both here and in heaven. Room in a letter such as this is inadequate to fully describe the cases which one by one have given themselves to the Lord but surely there is room for a couple at least which will give you some idea as to the joy we have had here when a soul finds the Light . . . Patient No. 9726 is an example of what the Lord can do with a surrendered life. He entered the hospital with an intestinal obstruction due to torsion. He was operated immediately and made a very uneventful recovery. During his stay here he heard the Word expounded in his ward every day. There was little if any response and he went home at the end of a prescribed time, physically bettered, but little evidences of spiritual life. A short time later he was back with the same symptoms as before. At the operation table we found his abdomen one solid mass of adhesions and the prognosis was decided upon as being fatal. We untangled the mass as best we could and sent him back to his bed. The relatives were told that if his life were spared it would be just the hand of the Lord doing it, for man could not help him. For days his life hung in the balance. He was too ill to hear of the Gospel message at this time, and it seemed as though his opportunity was gone. Then the tide turned and he began slowly to recover. Time after time

his relatives were reminded of the fact that the Lord had intervened in his case. When the patient had regained enough consciousness and strength, we again approached him with God's good News. This time the reception was different. He literally gulped it up and so did his relatives. The rest of the story is what we would expect. His face is that of a changed man, and his heart is glad. Whenever we see this man in town he never neglects to thank God for his sickness, because it was on that account that he entered the hospital and heard the wondrous story.

"Case No. 9781 represents another story. Entering the hospital as a pagan he listened to the Gospel interestedly because it was new. He had been wounded severely in a tribal dispute and had crawled into Addis Abeba, taking several days to complete the journey. He was in a pitiable condition when he arrived, but we promised to do our best for him. We operated, and his recovery was almost complete in two weeks, except for a small area of non-healing. Several days later this broke open and he again had to go to the operating room. He recovered from this second operation, but again the place failed to heal. Again he went to the operating table, but this time he did not show the same recovery. Day after day his strength failed. Finally his condition necessitated another operation, which probably would be his last. When he was on the table for the fourth time he was clearly told that the chances for his recovery were very slim. He said, "When I came in here I knew nothing about the Lord who

bought me. Since being in this place I have been born again. This operation holds no terror for me. If I get well, I will rejoice because it will be an opportunity to tell others of this new thing I have, and if I die, well, that is all the better. I will go to be with Him whom I have learned to love while being here. Go ahead and operate." He died on the table. We were sorry to lose this light, but were so glad to know that he was numbered with the redeemed

"The great problem here in the hospital work has not been the work itself, but the actual lack of ordinary gratitude on the part of the patients. We well realize that our task is supposed to be one of love for the Master, but after all, a thank you once in a while is very much appreciated. We are reminded of the ten lepers cleansed by Christ, and His question of the one who returned to give thanks, 'Where are the nine?' Patient Number X entered the medical ward with typhus fever. He had no money, so all he got was gratis the five weeks he stayed there. While on his sick bed he lay with his legs drawn up under him, so much so that he developed a contrapture of both legs. He could not straighten them at all. He was moved to the surgical ward, where he was operated upon and put in plaster casts. For two weeks he kept his casts on and learned to walk well with them. I then removed the casts and he had another two days learning to walk without them. He did well and walked perfectly. The following day I said he could go home. When he entered the hospital we had to burn his clothes because they were too filthy

to wash and too torn to repair. Consequently when the time came to go home, we provided him with clothes infinitely better than his former rags, but when he received the clothes, he threw them down on the floor demanding money to buy new ones. Even our native help thought this was the last straw. He eventually put on the clothes and went out of the door without a breath of thanks. An hour later I saw this same patient crawling down the main drive of the hospital with his two legs drawn up under him, walking on his hands and buttocks. When asked why he did not walk properly his answer was that he preferred to go that way."

The hospital has a standing rule that if any of the employees are imprisoned for any fault they are automatically discharged from their jobs. One young fellow was put in jail for drunkenness and fighting. When he found himself exiled from his position, he sent the following letter asking reconsideration for the punishment. Written in his best English, it reminds one of the way a missionary must sound to a native!

"Dere Dr. Okaman,

"I beg to introduce my trouble that you will immediately excuse me. While I was going on the way and did nothing to make him a fellow stroke me and I stroke him back. At a moment the police caught and imprisoned me for several days. When I was freed from my prison I rushed to my service but unfortunately you immediately turned me from my service. I have been working with you for many years and you will see the matter with considera-

tion and admit me at once to my service. I hope you will excuse me for my unpurpose event. The bearer of this humble letter is waiting a favorable reply.

"Yours respectfully,
"JELDO."

Another amusing case was that of a poor man who had some precious gold he wanted to invest. He asked Bob to pull a front tooth and make him a gold tooth of the gold, so that he would be sure not to lose it. When told that a gold tooth would cost far more than his little wealth would buy, he asked how much an iron tooth would cost!

Dr. and Mrs. Hooper of the Sudan Interior Mission Leper Hospital were a mother and father to the young couple while they were in Addis Abeba. There were few quiet moments when they were together, as Bob enjoyed teasing and playing pranks on these dear friends. Dr. Hooper appreciated the earnestness and seriousness that Bob showed in his work. Play had its place, but work was a real and serious thing with Bob. Mrs. Hooper writes: "His unusual gifts in medical surgery, executive ability, love of souls made your son a remarkable man."

"I worked in the operating room with Bob," writes one of the missionary nurses, "I was used to being scared almost to death of the doctors and surgeons being afraid that what I did was not right. Not so with Bob; he was so kind and considerate and pleasant to work with: we were friends at work as well as at play. He started the practice of having

prayer before each operation. He was a joy to work with. There never will be anyone quite like him again."

Bob had enemies, however. Every good, square, upstanding Christian has—at home or abroad. It would not be fair to expect this to be a truthful portrait of him if both sides of his nature were not painted. He was a man of strong will and convictions and had little use for laziness or laxitude. Bluntness and outspoken criticism often caused ill will from those with whom he had to do. Naturally his sweeping ambition and progress were a little too strong for the more stolid and settled authorities. Typical in youth energy is sometimes offensive to old age, but even those with whom he disagreed were willing to render just due to his unusual ability and zeal for his Lord and for his profession. How well his sister remembers his scathing remarks when her work was slipshod or poor! Even yet she thinks of Bob when she draws a crooked line or an imperfect letter, but few loved him as she did. A friend writes:

"What he did was of the best. Before he went away he was making a table for us. It was almost finished, but he said it was not quite straight and he wouldn't finish it unless he could get it perfect. (We couldn't see where it was crooked.) He was like that in everything. Everything he did he did so well that if he had known when he left us that he would not be coming back, he would have nothing to be ashamed of. What a beautiful example he set for the

rest of us! May God help us each one to be as faithful in everything as he was."

Bob Hockman was strong and "all out" for the right; he was strong and "all out" against the wrong.

*God says that you are His witness;
And your work is to tell men of Him.
Dull is your will and your interest
And the vision for service grows dim.*

*What will the Lord find you doing
When He gives you His call to 'come home'?
Will you be ready to face Him,
Not ashamed, or your errors bemoan?*

*Will He find you in your duty,
Or amongst the vain pleasures of sin?
Ready to go at this moment,
Or afraid His displeasure to win?*

*Often we pine for His coming;
And we say we are ready to die;
And we've not lifted one finger
To point souls to heaven on high.*

—K. H. F.

Chapter III.

“TREKKING”

“So have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation: . . . To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see.”

—ROM. 15:20, 21.

IN SPITE of the progress made in the Addis Abeba Mission compound, the call of the primitive and untouched districts of dark Ethiopia was strong in the heart of Dr. Bob. To carry the story of salvation for the first time to the isolated villagers became the ultimate end and longing of his missionary life. Yet so busy was he in the operating room of the hospital that this wish remained ungratified until one day the golden opportunity opened and an invitation came to him to go with Dr. R. V. Bingham of the Sudan Interior Mission on one of his trips to several of the Southland mission stations. Bob was only too glad to go; a short leave of absence was granted him, and the two set out to trek the distances from one place to the other. During that trip Bob met many of the real missionaries who had given up friends, home comforts and wealth to bury themselves in mud huts away in remote Africa. Largely forgotten by the world, they had turned their

backs on, these faithful witnesses are honored by the God they serve, and day by day proclaim the Gospel of the grace of God to downtrodden, superstitious peasants.

That was Bob's idea of real missionary life. The comfortable life of the capital and port towns, where social and material things are prevalent, was, in his judgment, altogether too easy. Many friends were made on that trip—friends who felt the loss of Dr. Bob in more ways than one.

"News of his untimely death," says one, "reached us last week, and came as a very real shock. He attended me when I was at Gulale in August and September, 1934. I came to know him quite well, and since have been an ardent admirer of his many abilities and energetic enthusiasm and vision. It seemed that he was destined for a life of unusual usefulness and blessing, but God, in His wisdom, deemed him too good for this world and took him to Himself, where he will forever praise our worthy Lord."

During the days they spent together, Dr. Bingham and Bob became fast friends. A summary of the happenings of the trip follows.

"Beautiful plateaus and pastures were the chief features. Many cattle were being grazed, and Easter lilies were blooming everywhere. The meadows were covered with white flowers and the whole setting was one of beauty. The people of this district wear little or nothing. I imagine their laundry bill would approx-

imate that of Gandhi. The occupation is that of a rural community, the farming being done by the men and the water carried by the women. Plowing is done here by the use of two sharp sticks, one is used as a fulcrum and the other as a lever, and they are very clever with them, getting much work done. The houses are not made of mud as are those around Addis, but of corn stalks with a thatch around them. Several families live in stockades made of thorn bushes. They have trees and flowers within these stockades, and they look very attractive from the exterior, although I can imagine the livelihood within! . . .

"The station of Homacho is situated on the very edge of the forest. Hyenas, leopards, wart hogs, water buck, wild boar, monkeys of all kinds, bush buck, civit cat and boa constrictors are found . . .

"Morning services were held in a native church. It was a great inspiration to see the entire service carried on by the natives in their own way, and in their own church, financed and erected by them. The pews were poles on tree stumps, the pulpit of mud. The preacher was all the time interrupted by questions and what not from various members of the congregation. Hymns were set to a native tune, and all in a minor key—a funny sound indeed! The folk here were not very much concerned about their Sunday garb. It was brown like their week-day garb, sort of flesh colored!

"In the afternoon I went to watch a native funeral. The men and women separate into two large circles and then sit and eat and drink all day. Devil worship and

demon possession is rampant here. Curious instances of demon possession have been told me . . .

"We traveled all day through barren territory, a wilderness. Bandits in the recent past have murdered many people and our carriers were very anxious to stay close to us. This wilderness is between the last lake and its neighbor. Stork, boa constrictor, leopard, lion, moose-like animal, guinea fowl, partridge, gazelle, crocodile, hippopotamus, etc., have been found in this place

"It rained every afternoon during the trip, and my blankets were almost growing wheat . . . Sunday saw me down with my first malaria chill. I doubt that it took a very good hold, seeing that I have had few symptoms since.

"Monday Dr. Bingham and I separated. He had to go on and I had to get back north to Addis. The first day was uneventful except for rain, and I had had so much of that, that it became a commonplace thing. Tuesday came and it was a hard trek over numerous steep hills and valleys and through streams, thorns and the like. We got to a Catholic mission-house about five-thirty in the afternoon and they gave me bread and water, a most acceptable gift, and also fed the horses. The priest in charge, garbed in flowing robes, told me in French that there was a truck route about two hours' ride from the mission station, and advised me to ~~try~~ get over there before morning as the truck would be leaving for Addis at six-thirty the next morning.

"I paid my men a little extra and they agreed to pick up their loads and travel to get to this place, and then we would eat and rest for the night. The Catholic mission furnished me with a guide, and off we went. We got well on the road by seven-thirty that evening, and instead of the truck place being a mere two hours' ride it took us till seven-thirty the next morning with steady going to get there. When we got there we found that the trucks had quit coming south that far due to heavy rains further north. Great news!

"The trip that night was not without any adventure or grumbling on the part of the men, and not without just cause. We went through all kinds of country, and with only two lanterns it was pretty difficult to see the road, and our guide got lost. We found ourselves in a wilderness, with no stars to guide us as a rain was coming up. The men started grumbling, but for once I had the better of them and they could not lay down their loads and go, because they were scared, and wanted to stay together and with me, seeing I had the guns and there were many mysterious noises close at hand many times. The lantern light reflected two bright objects shining back at us too often for absolute comfort, too close for safety and too often for peace of mind. I have no idea as to what animals were in this area, but the tracks next morning were large enough to have been made by leopard or hyena.

"We went through long wet grass for miles, and many times the noises were blood curdling. When we were lost, I told the guide to take one of the lanterns

and go and look for a hut somewhere and wake the man up and pay him any price to come and show us the road again. The road, at best, is just a path, and it is not hard to lose it. Besides, the roads are often plowed over by the local farmer and it is hard to follow such trails at night. The guide refused to go because of all the queer noises around us, and he could see the eyes reflecting the lantern light out in the darkness. I went with him and took the .30-'06 rifle and left the .405 rifle with the men. We found a hut after an hour's searching, and bribed the man to show us the road, which he did for a dollar. (A month's wages in this area!) The rest of the night was spent in crossing streams by wading, swimming, and narrow log bridges. When dawn came we were just three hours from the place we were heading for, and so we tried to make speed, but the carriers were tired, and so I rode on ahead of them and intended to get there first and hold the truck, awaiting the goods.

"When I got to the place, with my horse dead beat, seeing the last hour we climbed two thousand feet, and I dirty and wet and sleepy, I found that the truck service had been discontinued. Hot stuff! My provisions had run out the day before, and the loaf that the priest gave me was all I had to eat for two days. Food is hard to buy here. I tried to get eggs, but could not. I resorted to native food, but it was terrible. I could not eat enough of it to satisfy my hunger. There was a telephone there, for use of the truck company when operating, and so I decided to phone to Dr. Wilson to

come out in his car for me. In the meantime I tried to get carriers to take my stuff to Addis, but could find none. There I was, out in the "stix," with nothing to buy but rotten native stuff, and unable to get carriers to take my goods to Addis at any price. It truly was a time of testing, as was the whole of the previous night, and after three hours the message got through to Dr. Wilson on the 'phone and I told him to get out to where I was 'tolo tolo' (in a hurry). I secretly hoped that he would bring something to eat, which I had forgotten to mention while talking on the telephone.

"I then contented to amuse myself for hours with the flies, the kind that sticketh closer than a brother. I found an empty hut and tried to sleep, but it was too hot, and there were too many flies, and the chickens made too much noise. I had a good mind to jump on a chicken and eat him raw, seeing the owners would not sell me one. I was hungry enough to eat a horse.

"Dr. Wilson drove up after over three hours of fierce driving, and we got to Addis at seven-thirty that night after eating all the lunch which Winnie had thought to give him to bring to me. I ate a whole tin of strawberries, a half-box of crackers, half a bottle of pickles, ten sandwiches and something else, I forgot what. Was I hungry? Oh me, oh my! The end of the story is that when I arrived home everyone was waiting to welcome me and had a grand dinner waiting for us. It was nice to be back and to have had folks miss you while you were gone."

Bob returned safely after his escapade, and was glad that it was past history. But until he made that inland trip he had not encountered the real hardships that characterize mission work, and the result of this trying experience was a fervent desire to reach these southlands of Ethiopia and do pioneer work where the Gospel of Christ had never been preached. The southlands were open to the missionary; but there are so few willing to face the loneliness and danger entailed to bring the Light of the world to those "that sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

BURIED.

Buried with Christ in a far away place;

Hid from the eyes of the world.

Toiling and suffering; living for Him;

Story of pardon unfurled.

Buried with Christ, and forgotten by man:

Aging alone at their post.

Privations and martyrdom held ne'er a fear;

Working where they're needed most.

Buried with Christ, and then raised to new life—

Life 'midst a sin darkened race.

Implanted in Africa, China, Japan;

Willing the dangers to face.

Whether our call is in homeland or not;

Lives that are willing to lie

Hidden and working in lowly estate

Are those who are honored on high.

K. H. F.

Chapter IV.

“T R U S T I N G”

“Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.”

—PROVERBS 16:20.

IN THE summer of 1935 hostilities threatened between Italy and Ethiopia. As this is a story of a life and not a history of a war, all opinion and political propaganda is omitted. Only facts such as Bob found them in connection with his work are related. The United States of America proceeded to recall all its citizens, but few missionaries left their posts, choosing rather to suffer with the natives in time of trouble than to flee when help was most needed. To leave, would have spelled sure defeat as a spiritual influence in Ethiopia. The Emperor had been singularly kind to the Protestant Missions doing much to prosper their growth.

“We figure that if the Lord sent us here it is He who must send us away,” writes Bob at this time. “If we do not have that direct guiding we will stay and carry on. The situation here is tense and serious again. Indians, Arabs and all British citizens are gradually moving out and going back to their respective homes. It makes me very much more concerned that these people are scared of something,

they know not what. What a difference to trust the Lord, then nothing scares or worries!"

With the prospects of war, any missionaries who were physically ailing were sent to Egypt there to await cessation of hostilities. Winnie also left for the American hospital in Egypt, soon expecting the birth of her first child. Her parting with Bob was one of hope for a speedy reunion—a reunion when he would see, not only his wife, but also the long waited-for and already-beloved little one. Bob always wanted a child of his own to train and love. As a boy he once told his mother that he wanted a little boy for his very own, and what a father he would have made! Gay, strong, loving and authoritative, he was a daddy that any youngster might covet. That separation at the station in Addis stretched out into several months of lonely waiting; and now it is lengthening to end one day on that golden shore where there is no separation and no parting.

Once again, with inherent courage, Bob offered his services to the country for Red Cross work. Out of the admiration he had for his father, he often said, as a little chap, "I want to do what Daddy does." On one occasion he carried out that desire by attempting to strop his father's razor, and hacking it all to pieces! Dr. William H. Hockman had served with the Chinese Red Cross during many battles between bandit chiefs and had been decorated for bravery. It was but natural that his son should follow in his footsteps.

"I am fully convinced that Christianity is a prac-

tical thing," says Bob, "and when it ceases to operate in that realm missionaries should leave and take up farming and politics. To talk about Christian principles, in time of peace, and then snugly dig a hole and crawl in, in time of war, is, to my notion, a mighty poor type of Christianity."

There was but little sympathy or co-operation amongst the natives. Their attitude was that they had fought their battles in the past without medical aid, and could do so again. Some of the men, however, were pretty grateful for a clean bed and soothing drugs after they had lain torn and bleeding on the ground and been left to die. Bob had great difficulty getting permission or passes to start a mission of mercy at the front. Some heated discussions and strong persuasion were necessary before authorities would give heed to his pleas and grant the provisions and passes. In one case, Bob told the reluctant and indifferent officer: "If you don't get the passes to me on time, I will go, anyway." Such measures finally got the ball moving after several months of trial and trouble and wrangling. Then Bob started off for the southern front where the Italian forces were gathering. The Emperor offered a bodyguard to accompany the Red Cross unit when plans for leaving were completed. But this surgeon of the Cross turned from the vaccination of three thousand warriors and replied, "We need no protection beyond that of the God whom we serve. If we die, it will be in the service of the Lord." Under date of September 29, 1935, Bob writes as follows:

"There will be fifty men with me as cooks and helpers. Malaku (the native nobleman who met Bob in college) is coming too . . . I will be the only white man going, and so far as I know, the only white man along the entire front . . . Mine will be the first unit into the field, and the British and American units, if they come, will follow. I have been asked to go and say 'goodbye' to the Emperor tomorrow and the foreign minister will come to my house and say 'goodbye' . . . It is going to be a great experience, especially when I realize that I will have the opportunity to minister to thousands of sick men, and also the chance to preach the Gospel. My caravan consists of two large spreads of canvas each twenty by thirty feet, one new double tent for operation, two medium sized tents, two unbleached muslin tents and sufficient material to construct additional tents should they be desired. I have thirty-five kerosene cases of stores, fifty cases of medical supplies, fifty large bags of dressings, fifty bags of other things, tables, tubs, buckets, ropes, stoves, and blankets. It will be a large undertaking to transport all this to the station and then move it out to the front, but it has to be done."

The entire missionary group went to see the caravan leave, and many tears were shed as the beloved American doctor went off alone to no one knew where. Bob, on the other hand, was too busy to think of anything but the momentous job of getting his camp together and shipped. Several films were taken of the

proceedings; newsreel operators and reporters were alike busy. Little did Bob know that his face would flash across the screens in thousands of American theaters! If he had, he would in all probability have turned to the camera and made a wry face for the benefit of the prospective audiences!

The trip had to be made in stages—first by truck to the railroad, then to Harrar on the train, and again from Harrar to Djijigga by truck. There the first camp was set up. Bob graphically describes the trip.

"It was a great hurry and scurry," he says, "for the men I was taking with me were on a train for the first time, and were all too excited to work with the goods . . . I had my work cut out most of the time to feed the fifty fellows with me. They had money given them to buy food on the train, but most of them used it all up at the first stop in buying sugar cane and tangerines. Like kids on their first street car ride

"After a day or so of hard work, hard talking, and lots of argument and so forth, I got trucks to transport our goods from the railroad to Harrar, a fine scenic drive of about three hours in mountainous country. The road was the only bad thing about it. . . . The trip from Harrar to Djijigga was even worse. We were not able to make more than three miles an hour and arrived at the camp site at nine o'clock in the evening. One of the trucks capsized on the way, ruining much equipment and personal instruments.

"There was a full moon so we pitched camp very easily. It was two a. m. before we were ready to retire. Handling huge tents (housing 150 men) is quite a task and all the more interesting in the moonlight. These tents I made myself . . . I hope and pray that this will soon end. This place where I am camped is like a desert. It is frightfully hot in the day and at night very cold."

The novelty of the trip soon wore off in the routine of relief work. Physical discomfort as well as inconvenience in the medical endeavor were a continual strain on the workers.

In a later letter we get a picture of the crude conditions under which he had to work:

"Surgery here in the wilderness is a different and more difficult job than at home where flies, dust and more gross contamination do not gain entrance. . . . An interesting incident occurred in the operating tent a couple of days ago. I was setting a broken femur, by direct manipulation, and in the course of procedure six men were required to pull the leg to bring it down, seeing it was four inches short. All of a sudden the four legs of the table gave way and we found our patient quietly sleeping on the floor. The operation was finished on hands and knees . . .

"Last night when it was cool and the operations over, I played some of Sousa's marches on the victrola. Grand they were! My blood ran faster through the veins as I heard the trombones play their part in 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!'"

During this time there had been smaller skirmishes along the southern front, but being trusted not to impart information, Bob told little about the actual warfare. He returned to Addis for more supplies and help, and during that short stay he took part in a radio broadcast that reached many of his friends in America. Typical of his fun-loving disposition, he sent his greetings to his loved ones, adding, "And my love to Santa Claus!"

Although there were many doctors in Ethiopia, Bob was the first willing to go out to aid the mangled bodies of the fallen. After making a strong appeal for help, however, he set out again with the promise of assistance, two missionaries and more trucks.

On October 30, the day following his birthday, he became the proud father of a little daughter. With curls and blue eyes, Ruth Winifred was the image of the father who was never to see her in this world. The same day his baby was born Bob was writing home in desperation and disgust with his helpers. "These natives are so slow they almost drive me crazy." Just then the happy news came and completely changed his tune. "Hurray! here's a telegram saying I have a baby daughter. I could almost hug these chaps!"

Bob writes about his plans to return to his camp.

"I plan to leave on Wednesday," he says, "and take with me two missionary assistants and four new Ford two-ton trucks, with additional supplies of medicines and goods to replace the articles which were smashed on our first trip to Djijigga. The Red Cross

has informed me that I have complete charge of the activities of the medical aid on the southern front. This includes the British and Egyptian units, which are on the way. The Swedish unit has about twenty doctors and complete equipment. It will be grand to have more help down there. Patients in Addis who needed surgery done waited until I came back and they all flocked in at once. There are plenty of others in town who could have done just as well as I can, but they seem to be attached to their old physician and come back and bring their friends. The dental chair came last week and now the dental unit is complete. .

"Your continued prayers are needed for, and in the days to come. What the future holds for us is unknown, and fortunately so. All that is required of us is that we be found faithful."

That dental chair is still unused, and the patients who were awaiting Bob's return to have their teeth fixed, are still waiting—waiting for someone to come over and help them. As the lovely lines of Joseph Parker expresses it:

*"God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.*

*"What if tomorrow's cares were here
Without its rest!*

*I'd rather He unlocked the day;
And as the hours swing open say,
 'My will is best.'*

*"Enough! this covers all my wants,
 And so I rest.
For what I cannot, He can see;
And, in his care I saved shall be,
 Forever blest."*

Chapter V.

“TRIUMPHING”

“They loved not their lives unto the death.”

—REV. 12:11.

THE RED CROSS camp moved forward closer to the fighting area, and pitched their tents close by Daggah Bur where the enemy was concentrating their attacks. Huge explosives were showered onto the group of mud huts which made up the town, but little damage was done to the few inhabitants. The dogs of the village would give the signal at the sound of airplane motors and the entire population would scurry for the woods before the raiders came. After one air raid Bob tells of finding a chicken with a broken leg, as the only casualty!

Encounters on the plains were more serious, however, and it was these sufferers that the unit was able to help. Some of the wounded would walk miles in the scorching heat to reach the camp, others would be carried by friends, as the steady stream of mangled humanity poured in on Dr. Bob. Such isolation as he mentions in his next letter is difficult to understand.

“I sent two trucks to Djijigga four days ago to fetch our water supply,” he writes. “It is one hundred miles away, and they returned this morning

with a letter from Mother and one from Daddy. It was like sighting an oasis in the desert to have those letters brought here where no mail comes except by special carrier. . . . The Egyptian unit of the Red Cross will be coming down this way soon to help me, for certainly I cannot do it all alone. . . .

"I am well; and although rather depressed, yet I am doing the best I can to help these poor people who need not only physical but soul regeneration . . I believe that this is where I am supposed to be, and if that is my conviction then I need not worry."

The promised aid came eventually, so for a while things went along more smoothly; but the help was too good to last. Although Bob did not worry, the others who were with him were less courageous when the bombing planes circled over the tents on their way to do their deadly work. There follows a very touching glimpse of a white doctor and his missionary helpers left in a deserted camp alone with only five native workers and every cot filled with wounded. On November 13 Bob writes:

"While we are waiting for today's air show I was reading in Psalm 130:5, 'I wait for the Lord.' Such a contrast to waiting for airplanes to smash things up! Armistice day, Nov. 11, was our high-water mark. We treated over 400 bullet, bomb and gas wounds apart from chemical burns from chemical bombs . . . we were operating till two a. m. this morning. Malaku is now in Addis . . . The Egyptian doctor who came down here is also back in Djijigga.

He did not feel too comfortable here which was very evident. Due to the fact that there was pretty nearly a panic when the machines came yesterday and most of the camp help begged to go also, I sent the major part back with the Egyptian doctor in charge of the work . . . I have just five natives with me here, the rest had to be shipped back. Fiesa was scared silly yesterday and so he had the chance to go back, but he refused so long as I remained. Good old Fiesa . . . (This was one of the four trumpeters.)

"The food situation here is critical. Sugar, flour, rice and coffee which we need for the patients, are nowhere to be had. We bought a goat three days ago and it was not long until it was ancient history!"

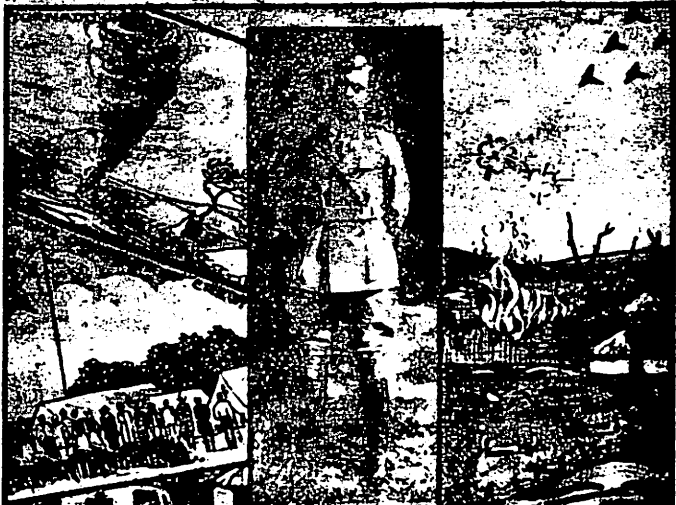
On November 19, he writes again:

"Do not worry about me; I am as safe as I would be if I were in Wheaton, for I believe He will keep me here as anywhere, for this is what the Lord wants me to do right now. I have no fears and enjoy the work with the exception of the heat and separation from Winnie."

Naturally this was a time of constant dependence upon God for Bob's loving mother. During his dangerous experiences, Mrs. Hockman testifies that she did not worry, but each thought was a prayer for that boy she had given to her Lord. No mother loved her son more dearly and no mother has more reason to be proud of the man that went to Africa from her home, but never from her heart.



BOB'S OWN TENT AND MOTORCYCLE



DOCTOR BOB



THE RED CROSS VISIBLE FROM 15,000 FEET

The ravages of man were not the only perils of the desert from which Bob has passed forever.

"You should have seen our camp yesterday after a small tornado had gone through," he writes. "We are on a flat plain and the hot wind sweeps mercilessly over it all day. Sometimes after a transitory lull a gust of wind begins and gradually assumes a circular motion; then, in a few seconds, a real tornado is in motion. Yesterday, one came through about one hundred feet high and traveling about four miles an hour with an apex not wider than three feet. This made for our camp and the first thing it hit was our largest tent. It made short work of it, ripping it to bits, and breaking the poles. Everything in its wake was turned inside out and knocked down

"This plain is a place of small as well as large pests. White ants are on intimate terms with all our boxes, tent-poles and table legs . . . Snakes are few, but what there are seem to be of small and poisonous varieties . . . Lions visited us the other night again . . .

"Right now, several of the brass quartette are practicing. One of them is playing 'When Christ Returns to Reign.' It sounds grand! Last night the four of them played for half an hour, and it was lovely. They got off in the woods and took a lantern and I sat by the tent under the stars and listened to the music, for music it really was. You should have heard them play 'All Hail, Immanuel.' . . . I am writing an

arrangement of the Bridal Chorus for the four trumpets, and by the next time a wedding comes off they will be ready to function."

Those boys will always carry the impress Bob set upon them. Faithful to their White Doctor at the front, faithful to their Saviour and their country, they were true examples of what the Gospel of Jesus Christ can do in the lives of even the darkest heathen in Africa and the worst heathen in our own country. One of the boys was taken to heaven just about three months after Bob had gone. What a blessed thought it is to think that these two—a white boy and a black are now serving their Lord together!

Bob sent frequent cables to headquarters and to his anxious little wife, but many of these never reached their destination. The fear of spies was so great that the messages from the front were often ignored. The American newspapers daily exploited Bob's actions all over the country, however, but the publicity that was being given him during these days, did not enter his mind. In fact he never even knew about the prominence the world wide papers were giving him. His work was done for His Saviour.

The heartbreaking letter written on December 3, 1935, was the last Bob wrote to his father and mother. It arrived some time after the news of his death and is a challenge to all who read it, to carry on from where Bob had, perforce, to halt his brief yet glorious march.

Dirie Dowa, Dec. 3, 1935.

"DEAR LOVED ONES AT HOME,

"You will see by this letter that I am now in Dirie Dowa. I had received communication from the board at home giving me permission to go to Egypt for Christmas, and I was all pepped up about it and could not collect things fast enough . . . When I arrived in Addis, I found the Red Cross in an uproar about my going. They had already cabled the board an objection.

"I went over to see . . . about it the evening I arrived . . . They asked me to reconsider my plans and go back to camp. Of course this request was like a bolt out of the blue to me, and I felt rather crest-fallen for I had banked on being with Winnie for Christmas.

"I thought it over and came to the conclusion that I would not let anyone down and would not give cause for offense to anyone . . . I have therefore forfeited my chance for a happy reunion and Christmas and will be on the truck again this evening going back to my camp disappointed and a little blue, but again feeling that it is the right thing to do.

"This sudden change in plans is going to be very hard on Winnie, but we will again have to experience what we have before: that when trials come and things unexpected, there will be grace provided sufficient to sustain.

"Now the next thing on the program is to forget plans for Egypt and await the Lord's leading. I feel

sure that when the right time comes He will make it up a hundred-fold to both of us for these sacrifices we have been called to endure. It has been harder on Winnie than it has on me I am sure . . .

"The wounded coming into our camp were divided up between bomb, machine gun and rifle wounds. The two sides clashed at a place an hour away from my camp and there were many casualties . . . The wounded came pouring into my camp, and I was all alone. I operated way into the night and worked all of two days and one night without a break. One chap was shot through the heart, and I operated him first. Believe it or not, he is back in the trenches again! Several had bomb wounds of the brain and I operated them with one hundred per cent recovery, and they, too, have been able to return. Fractured arms and legs and mutilated bodies were common and I had a chance at plastic surgery. . . . In all this I had to work without an assistant and without adequate surgical supplies. However, it is remarkable what a fellow can do when he has to . . .

"Pray that this war will soon be over and that peace will again reign. I would like to skip off to Winnie right now, but it seems that the time has not yet come. . . ."

The time will come when these lovers will be united and the angels will join in their joy. Dear Bob! What an empty place he has left in our hearts, and how we long to see his freckled face and hear his cheery word again!

"Bob's unit was the best organized in the entire country, and had given headquarters no concern at all," so the Red Cross officials assert. "He was worth fifty Egyptian doctors and actually the only bright spot in the entire outfit." "During these past months," writes a friend, "he has sacrificed all of his time and family pleasures to give his energy to the Red Cross work at the front in the Italian-Ethiopian conflict where he met his death." The Executive Secretary of the American Committee on the Ethiopian Crisis, says, "In many ways, his youth and skill and devotion epitomized this generation's great contribution to that ancient kingdom and to Africa. I know Dr. Lambie (Dr. T. A. Lambie, medical missionary prominent in Red Cross headquarters) counted on him so much, as did the Emperor and his other colleagues, foreign and national."

One of the self-imposed duties of Dr. Hockman, Sr., during his Red Cross service in China was the collecting of unexploded shells and bullets and rendering them harmless. Bob took upon himself the same responsibility, digging up the partially buried "dud" Italian bombs, removing the detonators and powder for safety's sake. Many of the huge missiles he buried, to "keep the natives from getting panicky." Being an ardent gunman and crack shot himself, he had collected some of the harmless objects as souvenirs. It was this service of mercy that closed so suddenly this life that had been so well and fully lived, and which gave such promise for coming years.

The report of the tragic accident which occurred on

Friday, December 13, is given by an eye-witness:

"Dr. Hockman saw a small end of a bomb projecting from the ground while he was riding a truck. (This might easily have been touched by a passing vehicle, disaster following.) He stopped and dug it up from the ground, being aided by the natives with him, and placed it in the tent. The following day he removed the cap and took most of the powder charge out of the bomb shell. He was called away to see a patient and returned to the shell. The boys said they thought he was gently tapping it to remove its contents when it exploded. One of his hands was badly crushed and his side and part of his chest torn open. A first aid boy immediately applied sterile bandages and sent for aid."

It is believed that the shock was more deadly than the wounds. One of the missionaries who was nearby, realizing that Bob's work in this world was over, read the Twenty-third Psalm and prayed with this true Surgeon of the Cross before he passed through the gates of gold into the presence of his King. Bob lived fifteen minutes after the accident, but he only spoke a few words, and they were about that right hand that was too badly torn ever to be of service again. How many pain-racked bodies and maimed limbs have been healed and eased with that right hand! How many fevered brows and limp hands have felt the pressure of that healing touch!

The sad news reached America the same day the tragedy occurred. It was night when Bob's father re-

ceived the word over the telephone. With the stoicism that characterized both father and son, he replied, "Thank you for calling." What more could he have said? What more could have revealed the true poise, the depth of hidden strength and manliness that lies in this father who so willingly gave his son over to the Lord's work? Surely there is a crown of great reward for such as he!

Before Bob left his post to go south God answered prayer by sending another doctor, Dr. John A. Cremer from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to fill the void Bob was to leave. Both Winnie and Bob thought much of the Cremers and a firm friendship sprang up between them. Since the tragedy, Dr. Cremer has named his first-born son after Bob. "We are using this means of memorializing him. His loss to our hospital and Mission is simply irreparable."

Following is an extract from the letter of Dr. Cremer, who is now in charge of the hospital where Bob worked:

"Truly a prince has fallen among us! . . . He died trying to save others rather than through imprudence. . . . Funeral arrangements were gotten under way. All of our mission friends from other compounds immediately put themselves out to help us. At 11:15 a. m. Sunday the plane finally arrived with the body."

Our eyes dim as we watch with the band of weeping missionaries while they await the form of him they loved so well. Slowly the drone of the motors draws

nearer and like a huge bird, sails across the tropical sky to land on the sad earth where dust returns to dust. A short day before, the spirit of a great man had flown through the same sky to where there is eternal life more abundant and where we are changed from corruptible to incorruptible.

"Bob's body had got as far as Dirie Dowa the evening before," Dr. Cremer continues, "where it rested in state all night in the Ethiopian church. Hundreds of Ethiopian warriors came to pay their respects to the man they called their "White Hero." The temporary coffin was covered with flower sprays from English, Ethiopian, Arab and Egyptian friends who attended the services held in Djijigga. The Egyptian Medical Corps of the Red Cross had given their token of respect . . .

"The funeral services were held at 3 p. m. in the hospital chapel. Opening prayer was offered by Dr. Lambie who introduced Mr. Glen Cain, S. I. M. Missionary, from Akaki, long a friend of Dr. Hockman, who read the Scripture taken from Luke 24, dwelling particularly on the statement, 'We had hoped' of verse twenty-one. Very fitting words they were, and a warning and invitation was given those who know not the Lord. Dr. Lambie then gave a few facts of Bob's life, though he truthfully said Dr. Hockman was the last man who would want a eulogy. He read extracts from the letter written to him the day before Dr. Hockman's death and delivered with his body. Dr. Hockman had written that he would have to abandon the tents because they were being torn by the wind.

"Bob's favorite hymn, 'Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet,' was sung by two of the ladies; and government officials, Ethiopian peasants and missionaries alike could not restrain their tears before the song was concluded.

"It seemed that every nation of the Near East and Europe was represented by some of its citizens, for Dr. Hockman had friends among all classes rich and poor, of the many nationalities resident in Addis Abeba . . .

"At the grave, another Ethiopian gave a brief address in Amharic for the natives. He spoke very earnestly on preparedness for the call of death and held Dr. Hockman up as a shining example. After another appropriate song sung by the same two ladies, the earthly remains of our beloved comrade were committed to the earth.

"The event is obscured by a vagueness of unreality. The whole city of Addis Abeba mourns the passing of Dr. Hockman. As the truck made its way from the airport to the cemetery, Ethiopians stood with heads uncovered for its passing, others, without hats, bowed their cape-like shawls off their heads. Soldiers and policemen everywhere stood at attention, and a way was made through the streets for the honored dead. Every Ethiopian feels keenly that a brilliant life has been given for Ethiopia, the first volunteer for the Red Cross service, and the first to give his life for the people he loved

"Dr. Hockman's value to the mission is too well known to require an account here, but all who knew

him seemed helped by his optimistic and quick-moving personality. Bob's judgment was quick and always of the best. All future workers at the hospital owe him a great deal for the many helpful changes he instituted both in the management and in the equipment. He has left an indelible impress upon the work in Addis Abeba."

Bob walked with God, and he is not, for God took him. Like the great warrior of the faith in Apostolic times, he can truthfully say, or rather, it can be emphatically be said of him: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course—I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Oh Jesus, God of comfort, II Cor. 1:3, 4

Fill now our hearts today.

Take thou the place of loved ones

That thou hast borne away.

So precious in thy sight is Psa. 116:15

The death of Thy dear saint;

Thou lovest him more than we could John 13:1

With human hearts so faint. Jer. 31:3

Oh Jesus, Man of Sorrows,

Our hearts in comfort dip.

Show us thy full compassion; Isa. 53:4

Strength by companionship. Isa. 51:12

The righteous man is taken Isa. 57:1

Away from wrath to come.

We praise Thy kind providence,

And pray, "Thy will be done." Luke 22:42

*Oh Jesus, Kinsman, Saviour,
Grant us Thy heavenly grace.
Thy servants there shall serve Thee
And they shall see Thy face.*

Acts 4:33

Rev. 22:3

Rev. 22:4

*Thy child hears in glory—
Where night and tumult cease—
“Well done, thou faithful servant,
Enter thou into peace.”*

Rev. 22:5

Matt. 25:21

Isa. 57:2

—K. H. F.

Chapter VI

“TRIBUTES”

“In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and His children shall have a place of refuge.”

—PROVERBS 14: 26.

THE STING of death is not so much for those who are called to leave this life as for those who remain on earth to face the aching void. Many a strong man has faltered 'neath the helplessness of loved ones who have gone on into eternity. That is indeed a time for realizing the God of all Comfort and taking Him at His word. Winifred Hockman was a true helpmeet for her hero-husband—meet for him in spirit, in work and in bravery. With her newborn daughter, she faced life intent, by God's grace, to be both father and mother to the child. Bearing the Egyptian postmark, letters of constrained cheerfulness and solicitude for others showed that the little mother was resting in the peace of her Saviour who “doeth all things well.” Her cable to the bereaved loved ones in America was Philippians 4:7: “And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

“Both of us,” Winnie writes, “felt that God led Bob into his great work, and who knows but that more can be brought to God through his death than

in his life; if that is true, it is all right. Yesterday was our Bob's first Christmas in heaven and little Ruth's first Christmas on earth. We don't question why God didn't answer our prayers, as we saw it, for Bob's safety, but He knows best. His being there makes heaven seem so much nearer. His sacrifice was a great one yet not too great for our Master's sake. I feel that by death Bob is giving his familiar message that he always gave when he preached, 'We never know when we shall be called into the presence of our Lord.' "

As war continued in Africa, Winnie returned to America to stay with Bob's parents until God opened new plans for her life. There her time was full with studies and meetings where she told the story of the need for the Gospel in Ethiopia. Always cheerful, helpful and true, God has a definite place for this servant of His in His vineyard, and wherever it may be that place will be enriched by her presence.

Never before did the Hockman family realize how far-reaching was the ministry and influence for the Lord that Bob had. Memorial services were held all over the country. Kind letters and telegrams poured in to the bereaved parents offering sympathy and regret. Emperor Haile Selassie sent the following cablegram: "There is no word by which we can express the depths of our sorrow on the loss of your dear son. Please accept our deepest sympathy."

The Alma Mater that Bob so loved paid him great homage in a memorial service conducted during a

chapel period of the entire school by Dr. J. McCreary, a professor who knew Bob and loved both him and his wife. We include here the address given on that occasion.

"Many of us perhaps do not realize the great importance of this occasion. We are met to do honor to a great man. Almost every year some chapel service is dedicated to the memory of some well known man or woman who has lived a long and useful life and has achieved much in a chosen field. Today we are honoring the memory of a young man, cut off in the very height of usefulness. *We* are particularly honored today to be able to walk the same campus which he was so proud to call his; to feel that he was our friend; to strive to carry forward the ideals of an institution which he helped make better. We are in a royal assemblage. Only a few days ago official representatives of many of our greatest nations bowed humbly at his grave and were proud to call him their friend. He mingled with royalty and was not thereby made proud. He loved the poorest and filthiest child of the slums of Chicago or of the humblest Ethiopian village, and if pride entered his life at all it was in the knowledge that these poor ones loved him.

"His outstanding characteristics were Loyalty and Enthusiasm. He attended Muskingum during the post-war period when many of us felt a sense of disillusionment and it was popular to sneer at loyalty. Bob Hockman was loyal to his friends, to his College, to his Church, and to his Christ. Nor was he ashamed to be

enthusiastic in his loyalties. He was ready to speak and to work for any of these in whatever company he might be placed. Wherever he was, he "was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," he was ever ready to give the "reasons for the faith that was in him."

"His loyalty and enthusiasm drove him to do things which to some people seem very strange and foolish. He was probably the best trained and one of the most efficient men of his graduation year, in the state of Illinois. His record at the time bears me out, but you may be sure that many of his friends thought him crazy to enter the field of service to which he felt both drawn and driven. Today the thoughts of the entire world are centered upon that little country, Ethiopia. It is a glamorous country now and adventurous souls from all over the world are trying to get there. Bob was always an adventurous soul, and when he decided that Ethiopia was the place for him to spend his life, he had no thought that in a short time he would be sending messages to Prime Ministers and to the League of Nations and that his name would be familiar to people in all civilized countries. He was seeking a much higher adventure and even to the last days of his life that motive was never lost sight of. I quote from the last letter we received from him:

"This is September 22. I plan to get away (from Addis Abeba where he was then stationed) on the twenty-seventh to try to reach some of the soldiers who are dying with fever and starvation, before the conflict actually begins. We will be taking many

loads of scriptures with us and plan to make the trip and stay out on the plains something more than a Red Cross organization. We hope to reach the souls of many with the gospel before it is too late.'

"To Bob the war was to be used as an evangelizing medium. He loved the Ethiopian, he loved his Christ, and when the war started he obviously felt that the best and surest way to get Christ to the Ethiopian was through his manifestations of that love for both, down on the terribly hot plains, in the literal heat of the battle. Again I quote from his letter:

" 'The prayers of all of you will be appreciated. I want this to be a missionary enterprise, and the Lord will use us, I feel sure. We are hoping and praying that war will not come. However, should it come, we will be down at the spot where we feel the demand will be the greatest.'

"The glamor, the publicity, the fame, the thrill, the romance of the great adventure were farthest from his mind. His mind was to do the will of Christ and accomplish His work. As he said in a letter to his Board of Foreign Missions, "I am right where God wants me to be.'

"Those of us who knew Dr. Bob Hockman when he was a student in Muskingum have many happy memories of his life here. Some of us may recall hearing, on many a Sabbath evening, the beautiful tones of a trumpet from the Montgomery Boulevard side of town playing the first line of a beloved old hymn, the clear,

mellow tones echoing across the stadium to Dormitory hill. The second measure came as a reply from a trumpet over by the dormitory, the third was played from our side of the hollow and the fourth again replying from across stadium and lake. The trumpeter from our side was Bob Hockman, communicating his feelings in that manner to his friend. (I think it was Bob Nesbitt.) In our first letter from him in Ethiopia he told that he had his trumpet along and that he was organizing a brass band, hoping thereby to reach many boys whom he otherwise could not influence. And influence them he did, for when the time came for him to go to the front these boys were ready to face death with him. In his letter he says: 'The boys of the brass quartette have volunteered (note, they were not drafted) to go with me and so we will take our trumpets to add music to the hot plains, for hot it surely is down there.' Obviously he had been able in those two short years of his life there to instil some of his own loyalty and enthusiasm into those Ethiopian friends.

"Bob had the makings of a great surgeon. He had professional friends in America who would have given him every legitimate aid in reaching the top of his profession. That he was a "fool,"—as some interpret that word—is surely true. But he was glad to be called "a fool," for he knew that those who so called him did not understand. Men who die carrying out an ideal *are*, usually, called fools. But Bob Hockman was a fool for Christ's sake, and rejoicing to be one. He tried vainly to make his misunderstanding friends compre-

hend his burning zeal for his great ideal. They, in turn, could not bring themselves to do so. Yet he continued to love his friends despite their divergent opinion.

"Those who knew him and his lovely wife, when they were at the New Wilmington Missionary Conference two years ago last August, will remember how their determination to get out to his field of service, although, virtually, it seemed impossible at the time, dominated the last night of the conference. Both spoke with absolute certainty that they had been definitely called of God to go to Ethiopia, and that they had determined to go. Within a few days after their remarkable declaration of faith, the last barriers were removed, and they sailed a few weeks later.

"Bob is gone now. One of the strongest men, physically, mentally and spiritually ever to graduate from Muskingum has gone to an eternal, an abundantly rich reward. Did he waste or throw away his life? Certainly none who knew him believe that he did. His enthusiasm, backed by the physical strength to accomplish it, enabled him to live more intensely during his comparatively short life, than most people have, or will, in a life-span three times the length of his. He had planned to spend many years in Ethiopia; but from the time he finished his medical course until he was taken home, was just three years. He would be too humble to think of it himself, and it is without the faintest thought of irreverence that I mention it, but Bob's term of active service is about the length of that of his Lord's active earthly ministry. In those brief

three years he won the love of literally thousands of people. I have referred to the high government officials who were present at his funeral; but for every one of these there were thousands of humble dark-skinned friends who shed copious tears over his passing in hundreds of little huts throughout that part of Ethiopia. Were Bob here today, he would tell you that he would not trade that love for the opportunity of being the president of the American Medical Association or the most famous surgeon in the Western hemisphere.

"Were a memorial to be erected to this distinguished alumnus of Muskingum College, what, think you, would be most befitting? It is not difficult to know what he and his dear wife would wish. They would ask but two things: They would desire every student to live up to the ideals which his College was founded to promote. We all know those ideals, but are prone to neglect following them. The other memorial which would most appeal to Bob and Winifred Hockman would be that a number of its students follow in their steps. They would tell you that no other work holds such joy or yields such compensations. They would say that though they had sorrow, they also had abounding joy in service. If, through his death, three or four, or ten or twelve students of his College were inspired to offer to take his place, not of course in the Italo-Ethiopian war, but in the war against sin and disease in the foreign mission-fields of the world, that would be the greatest memorial Bob Hockman would desire. God

called him to a great work and then called him to a great reward. Through the memory of his example God is calling us to bear our part in carrying forward the work in which he so devotedly engaged."

Dr. Montgomery, President of the College, also participated in the memorial service, and gave a brief summary of Bob's college activities: "Robert Hockman," he said in part, "had the privilege of being reared in a Christian home. His parents were godly people who have given many years of their lives in missionary service in China. For some time they made their home in New Concord, and Robert was graduated from Muskingum, in 1928. While in college he was an outstanding man. He participated in a number of college activities. He won his letters in track and tennis; for some time he held the college record for throwing the discus; he played in the band and orchestra; he was a member of several cultural societies. He participated in the work of the Gospel team and the Y.M.C.A., and was a member of the Alban Club. After completing his work here, in 1928, he entered medical school at Northwestern University and graduated with honors. His marks for the state medical board examination were the second highest in the history of the state of Illinois. Following a year's internship, he went to Ethiopia.

"He married Winifred Thompson, who was graduated from Muskingum in 1929. She and her baby daughter are now in Assuit, Egypt. The sympathy of the students and faculty goes out to her and her fam-

ily and to Robert's loved ones in Wheaton, Illinois . . .

"His name will go down in the annals of Muskingum-American-Ethiopian history as one who died that others might live. His death is another close tie which Muskingum College has with Ethiopia. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Dr. J. Oliver Buswell, Jr., President of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, (to which institution his brother and sister attributed their schooling) writes:

"He was an outstanding example of Christian devotion and courage, and I am confident that many young people will be impelled toward the mission field through his courageous life."

The following tribute was paid Bob by the United Press Correspondent at Harrar and Djijigga:

"I was stunned by the news of the death of Dr. Hockman, killed while unearthing a dud bomb outside his Ethiopian Red Cross hospital at Daggah Bur. Many times during a long journalistic experience, I have received terrible news, but the word of Dr. Hockman's passing made me want to cry. I felt a deep feeling of tremendous personal loss for a man I regarded as great. We met while in a train traveling in Ethiopia, through chancing to discover our mutual knowledge of the Chinese language. Hockman, with a Red Cross unit, was en route for the southern front. He was a lone white man facing grave dangers and mighty obstacles, because Ethiopian inefficiency and inactivity on every

hand, over a period of months, blocked and hindered his efforts to render humane service to the Ethiopian ill and wounded soldiery. British officials who visited Dr. Hockman in his crude but clean, tented hospitals at Djijigga and Daggah Bur, told me he was a man incredibly brave and self-sacrificing.

"The last time I saw him he was returning to Daggah Bur after a determined visit to Addis Abeba, where, through sheer purposefulness he obtained additional trucks, medical supplies and precious anti-gas serum. He had just received the news of the birth of his first child, a daughter, in a hospital in Assuit, Egypt. The last time I heard from Dr. Hockman was a message he managed to send over the crippled magneto telephone line, asking me to arrange with the headquarters of his Mission in Philadelphia, to spend Christmas with his wife and infant in Egypt. Permission was granted, but the exploding of that dud bomb at Daggah Bur meant that Hockman died without seeing his little daughter, and probably while he was in preparation to proceed to Egypt.

"A man of medium height, Hockman was clean cut, well built and had a chest like a barrel. He drove trucks over seemingly impassable Ethiopian roads, looked after his own equipment, was his own mechanic and a grand shot with a rifle. He could throw an ox without apparent effort, yet had hands as gentle as those of a woman, as I discovered when he treated me for dysentery and malaria.

"Somehow, I would like to pay some sort of real

tribute to a man who gave his life in service. Until now, the war in East Africa was just another news story to me, but now it has become a hateful thing, which killed a friend and one of the few men I really admired."

A beautiful letter from one of the colored churches in America, which wrote Bob's parents, is touching in its humility. It runs as follows:

"We have lost a most precious Friend. But how inadequate and poor is the offering of our deepest appreciation of him, in comparison with the excellency of his gifts—his self denial, his gracious mercy and charity so freely bestowed on our brothers in a far away land. In helping the despised, the lonely and the poor; in serving the friendless, he sacrificed his pleasures, his home, his very life. Through the merciful services of his ministry of medicine he brought to our brothers in dark Ethiopia the knowledge of the Gospel and the wonderful love of God, which is above all bonds of nationality, color or creed and passes comprehension."

From the other side of life, tribute came from many who knew not the Lord Jesus Christ but honored bravery. Atheists, Communists, and unbelievers alike acclaimed a great man when they saw him. The *Daily Worker*, a communistic paper, refers to Bob as follows:

"Dr. Hockman was a great missionary who probably had little knowledge and little sympathy for

communism. He might not agree in our analysis of fascism. He had very different ultimate aims than we have. Nevertheless, we sincerely honor him as a man of action who carried his ideals into life. He went down to the firing line and served where he could be most useful."

Bob was the last person in the world to seek for or desire publicity. He appears to have been near when this was penned, and his voice came decisively to the writer saying, "Don't idealize, I only did what I knew to be right." It is that, however, that God honors; so we feel we have not, and never could, overrate this man of God, this brother, this son, this husband, this friend.

Two fellow missionaries write:

"That God gave us the privilege of knowing Bob Hockman as a close friend has ever been a source of thanksgiving, and since he has been called home it has been a source of great comfort to have known one of God's choice young men. We knew Bob for six years; our first introduction was at a Sunday School picnic, when he was superintendent of the Junior Department in our home church, while still a student at medical school. Although coming from the same home town and church, it was not until we were missionaries on the same mission field of Ethiopia that we became fast friends with the Hockmans, and it was in our times of deep distress, in the loss of our baby, and in serious illness that we found in Bob and Winnie friends indeed. We shall never for-

get Bob's splendid Christian testimony, as our doctor, during those years in Ethiopia.

"Bob was 'head and shoulders above his brethren,' the most talented man we have ever known. What he did, he did well, and he could do any number of things! In the few years he was in Ethiopia, he accomplished what many would be proud to accomplish in a lifetime. Bob's was a workable Christianity, and the motto he had on the wall of the medical laboratory in the Mission hospital summed up what he lived among his fellows: 'And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.' (Col. 3:17.)

"The last time we saw Bob was at a railway stop on the tedious journey from Ethiopia to the coast. That the Lord arranged that meeting, we are certain, since we were on trains going opposite directions, Bob going up to Addis for Red Cross recruits, we, en route to America. We had about fifteen minutes together, and, as we parted, he sent a message home to his loved ones. 'Tell them,' he said, 'that I have never felt more keenly than now that I am where the Lord wants me.' What a wonderful testimony; to be, as Bob was, 'faithful unto death,' in the place God had chosen! Truly he has

"Joined the choir invisible

Of those mortal dead who live again

In minds made better by their presence."

We are left standing, as it were, watching the clouds through which he passed from our sight. But



**TO BE ABSENT FROM THE
BODY, AND TO BE
PRESENT WITH THE LORD.**



TO BE WITH CHRIST - IS FAR BETTER

we have the promise that he will return in those clouds to meet us in the air when our Lord 'shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, so shall we ever be with the Lord.'

He is gone; but others live

Through which our Lord may work.

Oh, who will take the vacant place?

Can you this challenge shirk?

"Bob went home in triumph, for he was where he felt the Lord wanted him. Isn't it a joy and comfort to know that he was in the Lord's will? That was one thing about him that we all admired. When he knew the Lord's will, no matter how hard it was, no matter what others said, he went ahead and did it. And we know that when God called him, he was ready to go. God saw that his work on earth was finished, and called him to a higher service."

The war-stricken area of Ethiopia is only one of the hundreds of needy places on this sad old earth where people are dying without hearing of the Son of man who came to seek and to save those that are lost—lost in sin, superstition, and fear.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past.

Only what's done for Christ will last."

There is a lonely grave in Ethiopia and a vacant place to fill. Will you go? There are graves on the hill-sides of China, on the river banks of India, in the jungles of Africa.

"Come over and help us!" is the cry from all quarters of the earth. In our own native land, too, souls and bodies are perishing without the help that Christ can give through His servants. Martyrs have given their all to their Lord and to those they worked for; but their unfinished work is waiting today to be carried on—by whom?

"Why stand ye idle in the market place?" "Go."
"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

*Oh our mind, like a camera, has pictured
Daggah Bur far, far out at the 'front.'
Where a doctor is caring for wounded;
With aeroplanes and bombs adjacent.*

*We have seen him while hauling and pulling
In erecting a hospital tent,
Bringing rest and relief to the sufferer.
Every ounce of his vigor he spent.*

*We have watched him in countless operations,
And have seen him in cap and in gown,
Working hard under every condition—
And when home-made tables fell down!*

*We have seen the few gathered together
All with black, Afric faces—but one.
Meeting there with the presence of Christ to
Worship under the broiling sun.*

*We have seen the white tents in the moonlight,
And the ruins of towns in a pile,*

*Tales of sickness and wounded and dying:
While he cheers with a touch and a smile.
We have seen him take hands that were dirty,
Pointing them to the "Way" and the "Door."
Knowing e'en as he told them the story
They would hear of the Saviour no more.
In our minds now our camera has shifted;
And is focused on heavenly shore,
Where the weariness, danger and suffering
And the war and cruel death are no more.
Oh dear Lord, keep our camera more steady
That the picture made perfect we see.
That that lonely and tired white doctor
Is rejoicing forever with Thee.
Dare we ever again move the camera
We will focus on doctors-to-be.
There is room for an army of Christians
In this land, or away 'cross the sea.
Who will fill up the ranks that are broken?
Who will resign their own selfish goal
And will take forth the Gospel of Jesus
For the healing of body and soul?*

BY BOB'S MOTHER.

SEQUEL

1981

Chapter VII

"TESTIMONIES"

"We are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation."

2 Thess.2:13.

BOB HOCKMAN'S BIRTH

Bob's father, Dr. William Hockman, was a dentist before going as a missionary under the China Inland Mission. His mother was a nurse from England who had had the privilege of nursing Hudson Taylor (the founder of the mission) in an illness in West China.

When Bob was due to be born, a young new missionary from another station came to help. It was her first maternity case, and she arrived with a bundle of nursing books under her arm!

She promptly told the father that the baby was already dead and could not be born.

"What should we do?" father asked.

"Well," she replied, "I have some chloroform with me, so I'll give her some of that to ease her pain."

After three days the chloroform was all used up, and mother came to, asking, "Is it a



BOB
was the
oldest.
1912
CHINA

Athlete
of the
year
1925
CHINA



boy or a girl?" She was told the facts.

Mother thanked the lady and suggested that she catch the next houseboat back to her station. The "nurse" left, books and all!

Three hours later, a beautiful healthy boy was born - very much alive! Then and there the parents prayed that God would use that boy as a medical missionary to help others in need. Little did they realize then what God had in store for that child.

As the Hockman children grew old enough for school, they had to leave home and attend the missionary boarding school in Chefoo. It was at one of the evangelistic meetings there that Bob accepted Christ as his personal Saviour - the most important day in his life.

God had "from the beginning chosen" him to salvation, as well as to service. After all, salvation must come before service. Only that which the Lord does through His saved-ones is acceptable to Him (Phil. 2:13). There are too many who volunteer to some religious activities, but have never been born spiritually by receiving Jesus Christ as Saviour.

Only by faith in Christ can anyone become the children of God (Gal. 3:26), and to have faith in Him means to accept the gift of faith which God gives to us to have faith in His faithfulness (Eph. 2:8-9).

He knows who will be saved, that is true; but He still gives us the choice. The saved are the "whosoever will," and the lost are the "whosoever won't!" Yet, the believers are "chosen in Christ before the foundation

of the world" (Eph.1:4. Rom.8:30).

AFTER BOB'S GLORIFICATION

The story of this book does not close with the telling of Bob's Graduation from the earth and Commencement in glory. His dedication has been multiplied manifold through all who have been influenced to heed the call to salvation as well as to service.

Many readers of the book: DR.BOB HOCKMAN: SURGEON OF THE CROSS have wondered what became of Bob's family, as well as what effect this book has had on those who have read it. Therefore this sequel is being written.

To begin with, the book was read over the Moody Bible Institute radio station soon after publication, and thousands heard the message and identified with Bob's parents who were teaching at the Institute at the time.

One incident was especially interesting. When Bob was an interne, he worked closely with a surgeon who cursed constantly while operating.

After the news of Bob's death was in all the newspapers, that doctor called the Hockmans and told them the following happening:

"Your son was my helper during many operations. I knew he was religious and going to be a missionary, but that did not deter my earthy language when I was working. One day, when I was cursing more loudly than usual, I looked up at Hockman's face and saw that he was white above his hospital mask, and his eyes were like fire.

"What's the matter, Hockman, are you feeling sick from the operation?' I asked.

"His reply was quiet as he looked me in the eyes, and said, 'The operation does not make me feel sick; but when I hear someone talk about my Lord Jesus like you do, that makes me sick!'

"I never forgot that reply,' the doctor concluded, 'and tried to quit swearing after that!'"

WINIFRED THOMPSON HOCKMAN

"Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace "

2 Thess.2:16.

Ever since she was a little girl, Winnie dreamed of being a foreign missionary. At the age of fourteen she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. But it was not until she was on her way to Ethiopia that she learned that her mother had been praying for many years that her daughter would be a missionary.

After Bob's death, there was a spiritual struggle for Winnie since she knew that she could not continue on alone in Ethiopia as a widow with a small baby. But her heart was still on the mission field.

The Lord finally gave her definite indication and resignation that she could be of spiritual service in America as well as in a foreign land.

Winnie and baby Ruth returned to Wheaton to

make their home with Bob's parents. Her own heartbreak could only be met by the Lord Himself, but in the ensuing years she was able to counsel and encourage many young people concerning serving the Lord as missionaries.

Beginning in 1940 Winnie spent eight years working in the Registrar's office at Wheaton College. The next six years she taught Home Economics Management and Child Care. In later years she was responsible for men's and women's dormitory housing arrangements.

In 1951 the Lord provided a way for her to purchase her present home (fondly named "Little Africa" for the many missionaries who had previously lived there while home on furlough).

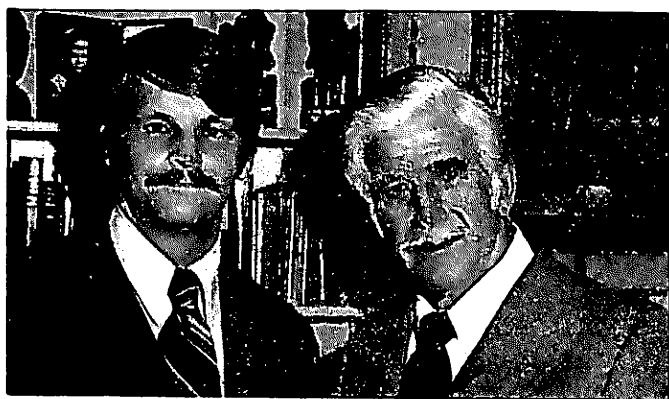
Winnie retired from the College in 1971, but was not yet ready just to sit around and rock away the hours. So she continued to work part time as receptionist in a Christian doctor's office until a few years ago. Now she is a faithful volunteer at her home church wherever she is needed.

She has been, and still is, a giving person: always thinking of some service she can render to someone in need; and she is a shining witness for her Heavenly Father Who has provided for her all these years.

Hearty and helpful, loving and cheerful, Winnie is an unusual example of what a real Christian should be by the grace of God. No wonder Bob fell in love with her - everyone else who knows her loves her too!



WINNIE *and* RUTH



DR. DON *and* DR. BOB II

RUTH HOCKMAN BELL

"Stand fast, and hold the traditions (doctrines) which ye have been taught" ² Thess.2:15.

This is God's command for all young people who have a Christian heritage.

Ruthie (as she is affectionately called) has lived up to the Lord's directions as a loving, cheerful, and happy person with a sense of humor, and yet with spiritual depth.

She remembers that the most important event of her life was when she asked Christ to be her Saviour when she was seven years old. How true this is for all who know their salvation in Christ! This is a moment of decision, a day of spiritual birth, which all should remember with even more importance than any other anniversary.

Later on, it was with real financial sacrifice that Winnie enrolled Ruth in Wheaton Academy, a private Christian High School. But it was during that first year that Ruth dedicated her life to following the Lord's will wherever He would lead.

While attending Wheaton College, Ruthie met Gordon Bell, who became her husband. She took her new role as a Christian wife as a serious responsibility, even as in accord with God's word. They have seen His blessing in so many ways through the years.

Gordon teaches Industrial Arts in Wheaton High Schools, and has many hobbies which attract young people into their home much of the time. He also teaches 6th graders in Sunday

School.

Ruthie worked as a medical secretary for some years until it became suitable for her to use her time in her church or in service to others in need. It is a special joy that Winnie lives only ten minutes' drive away from the Bells. They have happy times together with family gatherings. Winnie has been a faithful praying mother and a good friend.

Never has Ruth forgotten her heritage of grandparents who loved her so deeply and who had given so many years in missionary work in interior China, and the heritage of parents whose lives were that of obedience to God.

DR. DONALD HOCKMAN

"But we are bound to give thanks alway to God for you, brethren, beloved of the Lord"

2 Thess.2:13.

No man has been a greater example of total obedience to Christ to his brothers and sister than was Dr. Bob.

Through his Homegoing, a younger brother, Don, was stirred to surrender his life and talents for the Lord's use. He entered medical school (the same one that Bob had attended) and interned in the same hospital that his brother had received his training.

By the time Don finished school, the door of Ethiopia had closed to missionaries. He set up practice as a Christian doctor. Living in Wheaton with his wife, Lorraine, Don has his own clinic in a nearby town. Their daughter, Raynie, is now married and has a career with

Eastern Air Lines. Their son, Robert William (named after Dr. Bob) is also a doctor and interning in the same hospital as his uncle and father. It seems to be a family affair! He and his wife live in Wheaton.

Dr. Don has a special ministry in recording and duplicating sermons and programs which he makes available to missionaries and shut-ins.

Don served in the medical corps during World War II in China. He retired as a Lt. Colonel after some years in the Reserves.

Dr. Don writes the following concerning his brother:

"It is said that the passage of time now lends perspective to current events. This is probably true; but forty five years may tend to blur accurate details of recall.

"However, there is no fading of my impression of Bob Hockman from the standpoint of an adoring kid brother. Bob was a true hero at home in private, even regardless of public recognition.

"Bob's Christian life was his strongest testimony. So consistent was his righteousness that it could be sensed even without his preaching. It is not easy for a man to impress his own family, much less a smart-alec kid brother! But in all truth, from right up close, day in and day out, I've seen Bob in his share of hardships and problems and hurt; and he was always completely saintly.

"His reaction to profanity was intense.

He would likely become tense and silent. Occasionally if the offense continued he would likely respond, firmly and quietly, with fire in his eyes, speaking out for the Lord. People who knew him would respect this and avoid further provocation.

"Bob was not an aggressive "button-hole" type of zealot, but took every legitimate opportunity to testify and share his faith.

"During his years in medical school Bob was one of the original members of a group of medical students from several Chicago schools who began meeting each Saturday noon for prayer and Bible study. Over the years this organization has grown nationwide, with ministry to the whole world.

"Bob was very particular to observe the Lord's day without work or studies. After the noon family dinner he would often go to minister to inmates of the county jail, and was a regular participant.

"Bob's Christian life and testimony were founded on close communion with God. Early in the morning, before heading out for school, he would regularly take time for private devotions of scripture reading and prayer.

"These have been observations of a hero by the younger brother who loved and admired him profoundly. Truly Bob was the finest person I have ever known - I am blessed to have known him so well."

The author of this book echoes, "Amen, and Amen!" Praise to the Lord of glory!

KATHLEEN HOCKMAN FRIEDERICHSEN

"...Stablish you in every good word and work" 2 Thess 2:17.

Bob's sister, like her brothers, had experienced the deprivations of missionary penury during childhood as well as being left in boarding school for many years without seeing her mother. That was what missionary life meant to her.

When Kay eventually arrived in America at the age of sixteen, she had decided that she would never be a missionary. She knew too well what such a life entailed!

She married a preacher, Paul Friederichsen, and decided that that was "good enough! Everyone didn't need to become a foreign missionary!"

Paul and Kay were in the pastorate and had two small sons when the news of Bob's death reached them. Immediately Kay set about to write the account of her brother's life and sacrifice: DR. BOB HOCKMAN: SURGEON OF THE CROSS. Just writing the book was itself a challenge to her heart. Paul and Kay asked the Lord to show them if He would want them to volunteer for foreign service. Up to this time Kay had not been willing even to consider such a thing. The Lord was working.

Bob's mother was the one who brought to their attention the need in the Philippines for missionaries. They applied to the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism; were accepted; and sailed away - another trophy of God's working through Bob's glorification!



FRIEDERICHSEN

Gospel tent—
Philippines



The SCHEELS — Ethiopia



A few years later World War II broke out and the Philippines were taken over by the Japanese, so most of the war years were spent in concentration camps with deprivation, intimidation, starvation, and eventually the battle for Manila.

It seems that the Hockmans have had their share of wars - beginning with childhood when the missionary family had to hide out from stray bullets of bandit armies who fought among themselves in China; then Bob's experience; Don's work in the battle area in Korea; and then the Friederichsens' years of imprisonment.

Paul and Kay returned to the Philippines twice since their liberation to continue their work of establishing indigenous, fundamental Baptist churches through tent evangelism.

They are now representing their Lord in America by "every good word and work," even though retired.

Kay has written eight books besides this one, and teaches several Bible classes each week. One son, Doug, is a preacher; the other, Bob (named after his uncle), teaches Graphic Arts in a Christian College. There are five grandchildren.

DR. RICHARD SCHEEL

"Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work"

2 Thess.2:17.

At the memorial service for Bob Hockman in 1936 at the Wheaton Bible Church (which Bob's

father helped to found some years before), Richard Scheel gave his life for foreign mission service. He attributes his reading DR. BOB HOCKMAN biography as part of God's leading in calling him to Ethiopia. He spent many years in that country before he was forced to return home due to the political situation there.

Today, Dr. Scheel is a physician in Wheaton and has five children. His eldest son was also a missionary to Ethiopia, and now he and his wife and baby are in the Sudan. A daughter is a graduate nurse and looking toward serving on the mission field.

REV. MONROE SHOLUND

"Comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work" 2 Thess.2:17.

It was after a very critical time of illness that the Lord spoke to Monroe's heart about surrendering his life to invest in the things of eternity. He responded, "Yes, Lord! Of course I will!"

In a wonderful way the Lord touched his sick body, and the restoration to health was spectacular.

Before leaving the hospital, someone had left the book DR. BOB HOCKMAN on the bedside table. The reading of that book was a turning point in his life. He writes:

"Although I sensed an eagerness for service in Africa when I was in High School, yet my vision had dimmed, and my love for the Lord had

waned, and my eagerness to allow the Lord Jesus to have full control of both my present and my future had nearly gone. That book was God's call and challenge and glorious reminder of His claim to my life. That book has accompanied me during these past forty years of service for Him: including missionary training, during service in the Congo, and now in these past more than twenty years in South Africa.

"One of the first persons I was privileged to introduce my wife to on our first furlough to America, was dear Winnie Hockman, a gracious lady who had become one of my greatest encouragements and precious friend during my school days in Wheaton. The impact of Dr. Bob's life continued to bear fruit.

"Many people, of course, have impacted my life in various ways, and I thank God on every memory of them all; but the life and death of a young American doctor in a Red Cross Camp in Ethiopia were the instruments God used to bring me to this land of Africa.

"Surely one of the glorious moments in "That Day Ahead" will be when, as we stand together before the Lord Jesus, Dr. Bob and I will meet for the first time!

"Link upon link, the chain of challenge, witness and obedience is drawing multitudes into the glad service for Christ to reach to the ends of the earth in obedience to His command. Oh, I thank God that the link in that chain to encourage my life, which Dr. Bob so

indispensably represented, was strong!

"My prayer is that my life may be, in turn, a worthy teacher of the Gospel, committing this Word of Life to many other faithful men, who will in turn teach others also."

Rev. Sholund has indeed seen a rich ministry as a lecturer in Bible at the Johannesburg College of Education for ten years (a position of strategic importance since it is the largest English-medium Training College in Africa); he founded the Rosebank Bible College, a school with a unique single-year course for the training of Lay-people; as well as an additional two-year course for the training of missionaries in both local and cross-cultural ministry; and a network of Evening Schools of the Bible is expanding across Southern Africa.

GOD MAKES NO MISTAKES

Why does God allow trouble and sorrow to come to His beloved children who have trusted Him for salvation?

Here are some of the reasons:

- 1) To keep us close to Himself (Psa.86:7. 119:67,71,75. Matt.14:28-31).
- 2) To refine our character (Job 23:10. Isa. 1:25. 41:10. Rom.5:3-4. Jas.1:2-4. 1 Pet.1:6-7).
- 3) To chasten the wandering (Psa.81:11-16. Jer.2:5,13,19. 3:13).
- 4) To comfort, so we might comfort others (2 Cor.1:3-6,20-22).

5) To give opportunity to be a testimony for the Lord (Psa.50:15. 85:6. 106:8. Acts 9:15-19. 1 Peter 2:20-21. 3:14,17-18. 4:16,19).

6) To wean us away from things we hold too dear (2 Cor.4:16-18).

7) To give a special reward for how we take our trials (Rom.8:17-18. Heb.10:32-36. Jas.1:12).

All trouble is allowed for the believers good and for God's glory.

Then why does trouble come to the unsaved?

1) To woo them to Himself (Psa.107:11-15, 17. Luke 15:11-22. Acts 9:4-16).

2) To judge them for rejecting the Saviour (Rom.6:23. Gal.6:7. Heb.9:27. 10:26-27. 2 Peter 2:4-9,20).

DANIEL LEMA

"He called you by our gospel, to the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ"

2 Thess.2:14.

Daniel and his family have become dear friends of the Hockmans. He is an Ethiopian who came to America to earn his doctorate in Higher Education Administration from Michigan State University in Lansing.

This is how he met the Hockmans:

Ruthie's husband has a brother, Norm, who was a professor at MSU where Daniel was schooling. In the course of conversation Norm mentioned to Daniel that he had an interest in Ethiopia since his sister-in-law's father gave his life there as a medical missionary.

Daniel's face lit up, and he asked, "That

DANIEL
LEMA



His association with the
previous ruling class
could mean his death
upon re-entering
his country of
ETHIOPIA

wouldn't be Dr. Bob Hockman, would it?"

After that, Norm arranged for Winnie and the family to meet Daniel there in Michigan. What a happy time it was! He told about having read the book about Bob and how it had changed his life.

Now since he and his wife and children are all here in this country, they have found it impossible, for the time being with the upheaval in his own land, to return home. He is at present Advisor to the Dean of the International Christian Graduate University in California. His responsibilities include helping to establish a regional campus in Africa.

The following is part of his personal testimony:

"I was born in a small country town in Eastern Ethiopia. Both my parents died before I was five, and I grew up without parental devotion and love in boarding schools.

"Early in life I began asking such questions, as, 'Why so much suffering and pain? Why death? etc...'

"High School continued to be a period of searching for meanings and answers. The turning point of my life came when I became a Christian during my last year through the ministry of my High School principal who was an American missionary.

"I went on to College and was busy with studies and sports, but managed to attend church on a regular basis. Looking back now, I can see that I was still suffering from spiritual deficiencies which I couldn't understand

at the time.

"My restlessness and search for better understanding of Christian things took me to reading Christian books, especially biographies, and I read every one I could get a hold of. These helped me to grow in my Christian experience.

"But one book in particular stood out and left a lasting impression on me: DR BOB HOCKMAN: SURGEON OF THE CROSS. Dr. Bob's life story had a special meaning for me and for other Ethiopians who shared the account in subsequent years. This is because the brief drama of his most unusual involvement in Ethiopia took place in the same general area of my birthplace. Addis Ababa, Dire Dawa, Harar, Djigiga and Dega Bur are all familiar places to us. Dire Dawa and Harar are towns full of memories of my childhood and adolescent days. How I'd love to go back to those places! Today they represent Bob Hockman!

"God used Hockman's life to teach me the lesson that every Christian needs to learn - total obedience to the One Who died for us on the cross. This was a new dimension in my Christian experience.

In my work with High School and College students in Ethiopia in the past, I used this biography often, and have seen many changed lives.

"Now that I have met Mrs. Hockman and Ruth I intend to use this biography in more meaningful and effective ways when I return to Ethiopia - some day!

"Yes, Bob Hockman's testimony lives on in Ethiopia!" Daniel Lema's words give cause for praise to:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us"

2 Thess.2:16.

CONCLUSION

Throughout this chapter, the passage from Thessalonians 2:13-17 has been applied to the testimonies. How rich is the truth that has been given us in these inspired words of God's word!

There is the mention of the triune God: God the Father, God the Son and God the Spirit, Who is involved in choosing and calling and loving and sanctifying and comforting those who believe His truth of the Gospel.

The Gospel is the fact that Christ died to take the ~~damn~~ation that we have all earned and deserve (1 Cor.15:3. Rom.5:8).

When we receive the Saviour into our life (John 1:12. Rev.3:20), all the blessing of the glory and good hope through grace are given to us.

And, the power of God is applied to help us stand, to teach us, and establish us to do His will. It is all of grace - God's love in action!

What a heritage all believers have! This is not just a special legacy for those who are able to serve the Lord on foreign shores - this is for YOU, dear listener, if you ask the Saviour to take your sin away and save you.



BOB'S
Mother
and
Father

DR. & MRS. WM. HOCKMAN

NOW
with
BOB
in
GLORY



2 Thessalonians 2:13-17

The Lord has loved you, do you care?
And He has called you, did you heed?
The Saviour died to save your soul;
So have you let Him meet your need?

If you will just believe His truth;
The gospel in your heart is sown.
The Spirit sets the saved apart;
You'll know the Saviour as your own.

So comfort, grace, and hope is your's;
And glory is a guarantee.
And you can know that God chose you
So far back in eternity!

No wonder, then, that you should stand
And hold the doctrines He has giv'n;
Established in good words and works
To praise God on the way to heaven!

So why keep on in unbelief -
Reject His sacrifice for you?
The Saviour waits to save you now;
Oh, why not pray and ask Him to!

K.H.F.

In appreciation:

The effort to duplicate the original book of
Chapters 1-6, was due to the help of Norman
Bell, who was also the one to introduce the
Hockmans to Daniel Lema.